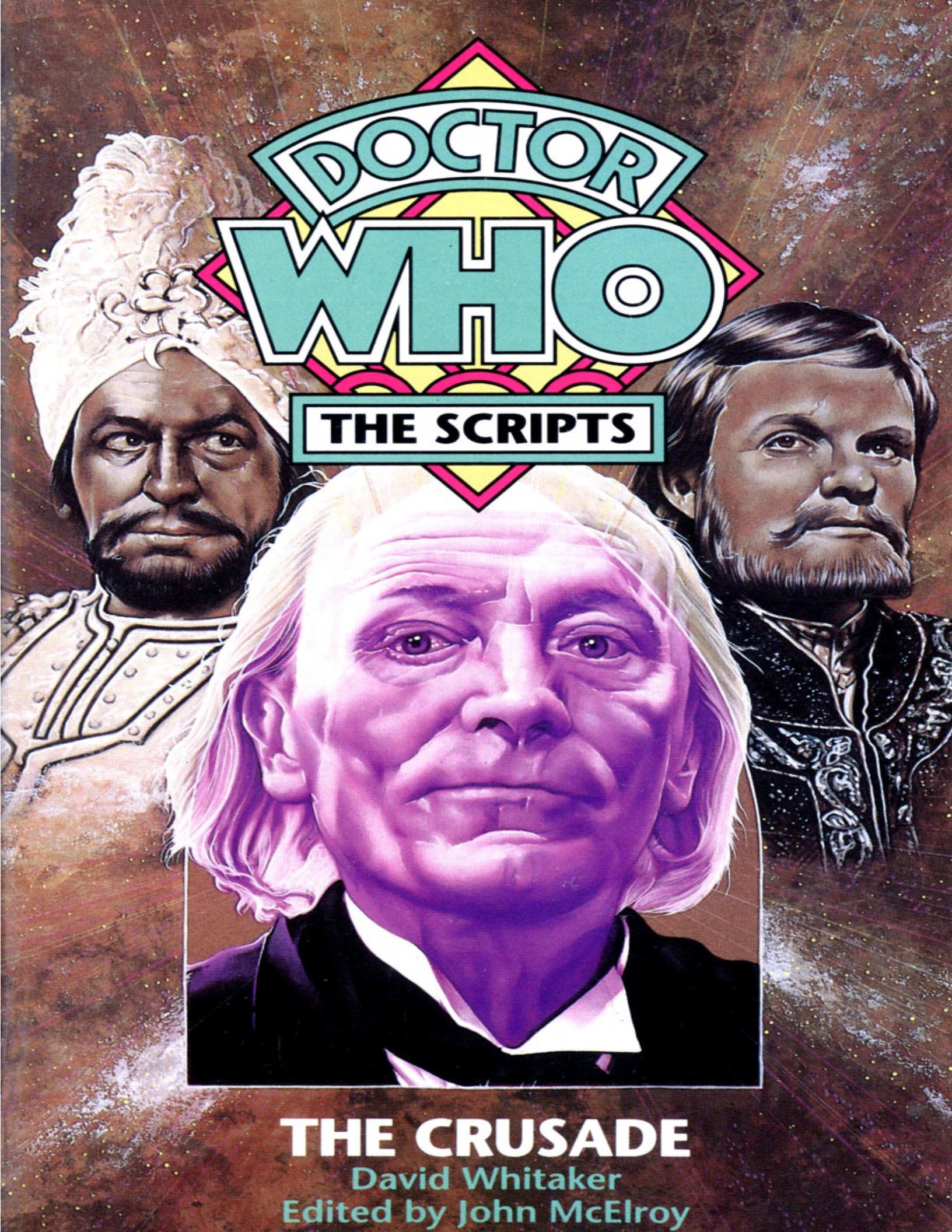
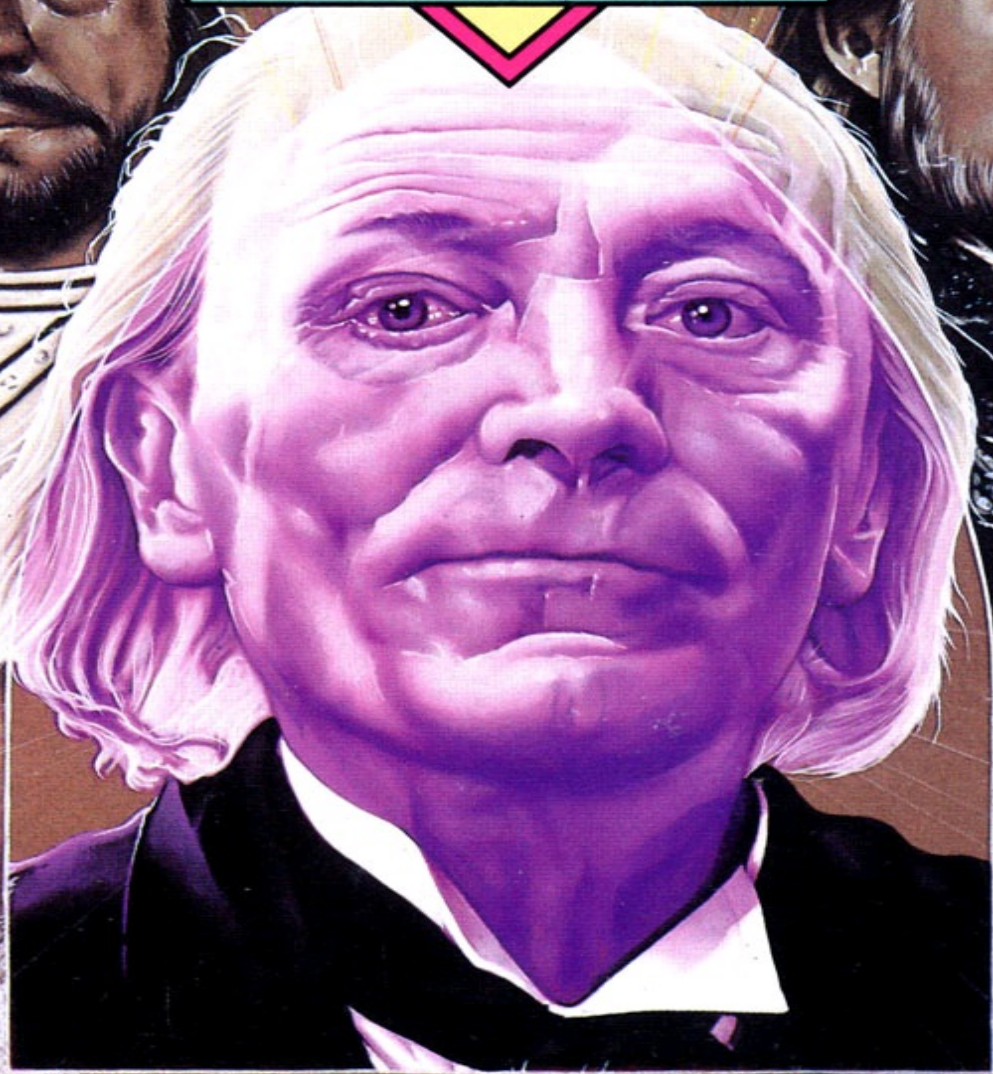


The background of the cover is a dark, textured brown with a subtle pattern of small, glowing yellow and white specks, resembling a starry sky or a nebula. In the upper center, the 'Doctor Who' logo is prominently displayed. The word 'DOCTOR' is in a teal, sans-serif font, arched over a yellow diamond shape with pink and black geometric patterns. Below it, the word 'WHO' is in a larger, teal, blocky font with a white outline, also set against the yellow diamond. Underneath the logo, a black rectangular box with a white border contains the words 'THE SCRIPTS' in a bold, black, sans-serif font. Three stylized faces are integrated into the design: a man with a large, white, curly wig and a dark beard (the Doctor) on the left, a man with long, wavy blonde hair (the TARDIS) in the center foreground, and a man with a dark beard and mustache (a companion) on the right. The faces are rendered in a painterly style with soft shading.

DOCTOR WHO

THE SCRIPTS



THE CRUSADE

David Whitaker
Edited by John McElroy

PERIL IN PALESTINE...

The TARDIS lands in twelfth century Palestine, near the city of Jaffa. Barbara is soon kidnapped by the mighty Saracen leader, Saladin, and Ian sets off to rescue her. Meanwhile, the Doctor and Vicki are taken to the court of Richard the Lionheart, who is leading the crusade against the Saracens.

Read for the first time the complete script of one of the great 'lost' Doctor Who stories, together with background and technical information.

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For Trevor Montgomery

Contents

[Introduction](#)

[Background](#)

[Cast](#)

[Technical Details](#)

[Production Credits](#)

[Episode One - The Lion](#)

[Episode Two - The Knight of Jaffa](#)

[Episode Three - The Wheel of Fortune](#)

[Episode Four - The Warlords](#)

INTRODUCTION

One of the myths of *Doctor Who* is that the purely historical stories, so common in the programme's formative years, were not nearly as popular as those with a science fiction theme. As Stephen James Walker demonstrates in his background section, this was certainly not the case and, in fact, such stories seem to have attracted viewers who in all probability would not have bothered to watch an endless succession of 'bug-eyed monsters'. There is indeed a strong case for arguing that it was the very variety of stories in the early days that ensured the series' longevity.

It is certainly true that these days the historical stories tend to be largely forgotten in the minds of the general public and, since this is the tenth book in Titan's *Doctor Who The Scripts* series, we decided it was high time we turned the spotlight on one of the very best of the historicals - *The Crusade*.

Whilst not wishing to denigrate the success of the science fiction elements of the series, anyone who thinks that "Exterminate, Exterminate" is the best that *Doctor Who* has to offer will be in for a very pleasant surprise when they read the splendidly rich and well-written speeches contained in this book. The complexity of plot and sub-plot is also far greater than it ever was in the series' later years.

As mentioned in our previous book, *Galaxy 4*, audio tapes of *The Crusade* are not in general circulation amongst fans and we have therefore used, as the basis for the Script Book, the scripts as held by the BBC as opposed to our usual practice of printing the version actually transmitted.

In the case of *The Crusade*, one episode, Episode Three, does still exist and has been released by the BBC on their compilation video *The Hartnell Years*. Rather than producing a hybrid book, with just one episode 'as seen on TV', we have stuck to the script version of all four episodes, although readers may well enjoy comparing the transmitted version to the script version we use.

This brings me to the question of which version of scripts to use in general for future books. The original idea behind the Script Book series was to enable people to see an accurate transcript of what was actually transmitted. Reviewers of the books have criticised us for doing this, and have argued that they would prefer us to publish the actual scripts, regardless of how much they differ from the transmitted versions. We would like to hear from our readers which of the two you would prefer. All letters should be sent to the editorial address given at the front of this book and we will make our decision for future books based on the letters received.

John McElroy, October 1994

BACKGROUND

Doctor Who is nowadays thought of purely as a science fiction series, recounting extraordinary tales of farfetched monsters, invaders and far-flung alien planets. However, this wasn't always the case. When the series first began, back in 1963, the intention was that it would feature stories of three distinct types, which the production team labelled 'Future', 'Past' and 'Sideways'. The 'Sideways' type, in which the Doctor and his companions would find themselves transported to alternative dimensions or transformed into different physical states, was quickly dropped, with only three televised stories - *Inside the Spaceship*, *Planet of Giants* and, in part, *The Space Museum* - falling into that category. This left a roughly equal balance between the 'Future' type of story, the other-worldly science fiction adventures for which the series would later become best known, and the 'Past' stories, based around some recognisable era or incident in Earth's history. The historical stories were thus just as much a part of *Doctor Who*'s original format as were the futuristic stories and played just as important a role in fulfilling the series' remit of providing family drama which was not only entertaining but also educational.

The Crusade was transmitted in 1965, part-way through the series' second season, and was a fine example of a historical story achieving its full and very considerable potential.

The plot sees the TARDIS arriving in twelfth century Palestine, a land caught in the grip of a Holy War between King Richard the Lionheart and the Saracen ruler Saladin. Having become embroiled in a Saracen ambush, during which Barbara is abducted by the attackers, the Doctor, Ian and Vicki are welcomed at King Richard's palace in the nearby city of Jaffa. Ian is granted permission to ride off in search of Barbara as an official emissary - the King knighting him Sir Ian of Jaffa to fit him for the role - while the Doctor and Vicki stay behind and try to avoid getting involved in court intrigue.

King Richard secretly plans to arrange a marriage between his sister, Joanna, and Saladin's brother, Saphadin, in the hope of ending the war. When Joanna finds out about it, though, she refuses point blank. The Doctor and his young ward flee the palace after making an enemy of the King's adviser, the Earl of Leicester. Eventually they reach the wood where the TARDIS materialised. Ian is already waiting there with Barbara, having rescued her from the savage clutches of the Saracen Emir El Akir. The travellers' escape is almost thwarted when the Doctor is seized by a party of English soldiers led by the Earl, but they manage to regain the safety of the ship by means of a ruse, the soldiers believing that the brave Sir Ian has been spirited away by sorcerers.

This intriguing story was based largely around genuine historical events - King Richard really did devise a plan to have his sister Joanna married to Saladin's brother Saphadin for instance - but was expertly tailored to the *Doctor Who* format by scriptwriter David Whitaker. Whitaker had only recently returned to freelance writing after spending some seven years on the staff of the BBC, working initially as a writer/adaptor and editor in the Script Department and then, following that department's abolition, as story editor for the first fifty-two episodes of *Doctor Who*. As a key member of the small team responsible for finalising the series' format and developing its regular characters, he naturally had an excellent understanding of its innate strengths and of how to bring them out in his writing. Douglas Camfield, the young BBC staff director appointed to handle *The Crusade*, recalled being particularly impressed with Whitaker's scripts:

"*The Crusade* had the best scripts of any Doctor Who I ever worked on. Beautifully written, meticulously researched, and I don't remember having to alter a line. David Whitaker, at his best, was great! I enjoyed working on a costume piece because of the research involved and the challenge

of trying to recreate another world in another time.”

The only change of substance which is in fact known to have been made to Whitaker’s script prior to the recording of the story is the removal of some passages suggesting the existence of an incestuous relationship between Richard and Joanna. This was done mainly at the insistence of lead actor William Hartnell, who considered *Doctor Who* first and foremost a children’s series and was invariably resistant to the inclusion of any overtly adult themes within the stories. The change was particularly disappointing to Julian Glover, the distinguished actor whom Douglas Camfield had cast to play King Richard, as he felt it lessened the impact of the scenes in which Joanna protested against her brother’s scheme to marry her off to Saphadin.

“I always wanted Julian Glover to play the part of Richard,” Camfield later recalled, “but at first he was unavailable. I then thought of Nicholas Courtney who, at that point, I knew only by name, because we had been at school in Egypt at the same time. I was just going to cast him when Julian Glover suddenly became available again. So it all worked out okay. I kept Nick in mind and cast him as Bret Vyon some time later in *The Daleks’ Master Plan*. And I was delighted with Julian Glover who was, in my view, the first ‘quality’ actor ever to appear in the show, and many others followed him.”

The Crusade is notable for the excellent performances that Douglas Camfield obtained not only from Julian Glover as King Richard and Jean Marsh as Joanna but also from the actors playing the three principal Saracens - Bernard Kay as Saladin, Roger Avon as Saphadin and Walter Randall as the sadistic Emir El Akir - all of whom were in fact English.

“They were ‘browned-up’ to look like Saracens and Turks,” explained Camfield, “but were speaking normally, with no traces of accent.”

Camfield is now widely regarded as one of the finest directors ever to have worked on Doctor Who. His association with the series began with the very first story, on which he served as production assistant. He had already been on staff at the BBC for some eight years by that point, having been taken on initially as a trainee assistant film editor, and had also written a number of scripts for the *Garry Halliday* adventure series. His official directorial debut came on the final episode of *Planet of Giants*, the story which launched Doctor Who’s second season on air, but *The Crusade* was the first production for which he had been made fully responsible. Although in later years he would go on to direct a number of highly popular stories, including *The Daleks’ Master Plan*, *The Web of Fear*, *The Invasion*, *Terror of the Zygons* and *The Seeds of Doom*, he would always retain a great affection for this four-parter on which he first made his mark:

“We had great fun doing *The Crusade*, although it was all done in the studios at the BBC and at Ealing. At one point William Russell (playing Ian) was captured by Tutte Lemkow (playing the bandit Ibrahim) and staked out in the sand. He was supposed to have ants crawling over his honey-smothered hand, but Bill Russell was dead against it. The hand you saw on screen belonged to my production assistant! We had real honey, real ants and a great time. Also, I wanted a camera shot of Bill Russell through the rib cage of a dead animal, so I had a cow’s carcass brought in. By the time we’d finished, the studio lights had done their work and the stench was terrible!”

A particular strength of many of the early historical stories was the exquisite scenic design work of Barry Newbery. *The Crusade* was no exception to the rule, boasting some fine sets which went a long way towards capturing the atmosphere of twelfth century Palestine. In keeping with his normal practice, Newbery carried out a good deal of research in preparing his designs, as he explains:

“I discovered that a lot of the buildings in Jaffa were built by Christian masons who were there for the Crusades. Previously these masons used semi-circular Norman arches in their work, but while

they were in the Middle East they learned how to cut the centre section out of the semi-circle and move the two end pieces together to make a pointed shape, now known as a Gothic arch, which was stronger and capable of taking more weight. Of course, when they returned from the Crusades they brought these principles back with them, so I looked at a lot of English Gothic architecture when I was researching the interior of King Richard's palace.

"For some of the other interiors I referred to a book called *Behind the Veil of Arabia*. This was written by a Dutchman who had actually gone into Arabia in the 1950s disguised as an Arab - complete with contact lenses to change the colour of his irises from blue to brown. He had come back with a lot of photographs and stories of things he had seen on his travels, some of them quite horrific. For example, he had witnessed one man having his hand cut off for stealing and another being whipped for adultery, while the woman was buried up to her neck so that the other villagers could come and stone her head! He had also seen some harems (which were supposed to be illegal then).

"Although the book was obviously about contemporary Arabia, I still got a lot of useful information from it - particularly visual. There are parts of the world where styles of architecture and decoration don't change very much over the centuries. This is certainly true of places with an Islamic culture. The paintings on the walls of old Coptic churches, which were buried under the sand of the Sahara but are now visible again, are very similar to those which can be seen in ordinary houses in what is now Iraq.

"These were the sort of things I was privileged to find out, just because I was working on *Doctor Who*. No other job could have brought me into contact with such a wide variety of information as this."

Given the high quality of *The Crusade*, and of many of the other early historicals, it is perhaps surprising that stories of this type were phased out just a short while later, at the beginning of 1967. One theory often advanced to account for this development is that they were less popular than the science fiction stories. This was indeed the explanation given by the series' then producer, Innes Lloyd, in a contemporary interview for the magazine *Television Today*:

"One change we have decided on is to drop the historical stories because we found they weren't very popular. This doesn't mean we won't use historical backgrounds... but we will not involve *Doctor Who* and his companions in events which cannot be changed because they really happened."

In truth, however, there is very little evidence to support the contention that the historical stories were less popular than the science fiction ones. *The Crusade* (with average ratings of 9.4 million viewers per episode) was watched by roughly the same number of people as the following two science fiction stories, *The Space Museum* (9.5 million) and *The Chase* (9.4 million). Similarly, *Marco Polo* (9.5 million) was watched by roughly as many viewers as *The Keys of Marinus* (9.1 million); *The Aztecs* (7.5 million) by roughly as many as *The Sensorites* (7.0 million); and *The Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve* (6.4 million) by roughly as many as *The Ark* (6.5 million). In fact, the historical stories often gained rather higher ratings than the science fiction stories transmitted around the same period. For example, *The Gunfighters* (6.2 million) fared rather better than either *The Savages* (4.9 million) or *The War Machines* (5.2 million). Neither do the series' audience appreciation figures or TV chart positions show any discernible downturn for the historical stories, a fact which seems to confirm that, contrary to accepted wisdom, they were actually very well-received by the general viewing audience.

This was an issue that David Whitaker, then still working as the series' story editor, addressed in a letter of 21 August 1964 to a viewer, Miss P. Ammesley, who had written in to the production office asserting that the historical subjects had less appeal to the series' young audience than did the science

fiction ones:

“I am afraid I cannot agree with you that children are not interested in the historical subjects of *Doctor Who*. We find that there is very little difference in their letters and in our audience surveys, and perhaps it is that the past subjects do have some bearing on lessons or essays that the children are having to do.”

A clue to the historicals’ eventual demise can perhaps be gleaned, however, from the fact that Whitaker then went on to add, with surprising candour:

“This is fortunate because we only regard the historical stories as necessary make-weights between the futuristic science fiction ones.”

It seems that the real reason for the dropping of the historicals was not so much that they were unpopular with the viewing audience as that they were unpopular with the production team themselves, and were out of line with their vision of the type of series *Doctor Who* ought to be in 1967. Innes Lloyd, in particular, often stated that he wanted to make the series more ‘gutsy’ and action-oriented, concentrating on hard-edged, realistic science fiction ideas.

Whether the abandonment of the historical stories benefited the series or detracted from it has long been a subject for debate amongst fans of *Doctor Who*. Now, with the publication of one of these stories in Script Book form, readers have a chance to judge for themselves.

Stephen James Walker, July 1994

With acknowledgements to Gary Hopkins, David J. Howe and Barry Newbery.

CAST

The Doctor	
William Hartnell	
Ian Chesterton	
William Russell	
Barbara Wright	
Jacqueline Hill	
Vicki	
Maureen O'Brien	
Richard the Lionheart	
Julian Glover	
Saladin	
Bernard Kay (Episodes 1-3)	
Saphadin	
Roger Avon (Episodes 1-3)	
Joanna	
Jean Marsh (Episodes 2-3)	
William des Preaux	
John Flint (Episodes 1-2)	
El Akir	
Walter Randall	
William de Tornebu	
Bruce Wightman (Episodes 1-2)	
Ben Daheer	
Reg Pritchard (Episodes 1-3)	
Thatcher	
Tony Gaunter (Episodes 1-2)	
Reynier de Marun	
David Anderson (Episode 1)	
Luigi Ferrigo	
Gabor Baraker (Episode 2)	
Chamberlain	
Robert Lankesheer (Episodes 2-3)	
Sheyrah	
Zohra Segal (Episode 2)	
Haroun	
George Little (Episodes 3-4)	
Earl of Leicester	
John Bay (Episodes 3-4)	
Safiya	
Petra Markham (Episode 3)	
First guard	
Anthony Colby (Episodes 3-4)	

Turkish bandit
David Brewster (Episode 3)
Maimuna
Sandra Hampton (Episode 4)
Fatima
Viviane Sorrel (Episode 4)
Hafsa
Diane McKenzie (Episode 4)
Ibrahim
Tutte Lemkow (Episode 4)
Falconer
John Holmes (Episode 1)
Saracen warriors
Derek Ware (Episode 1)
Valentino Musetti (Episode 1)
Edward Haroutunian (Episodes 1-2)
Oscar James (Episode 1)
Peter Johnson (Episodes 1,3)
Roy Fletcher (Episode 1)
Andy Brewer (Episode 1)
Chris Konyils (Episodes 2-3)
Raymond Novak (Episodes 2-4)
Sony Caldinez (Episode 3)
Roy Stewart (Episode 3)
Abbas Haschen (Episode 4)
Priest
Rikki Patterson (Episode 2)
Men-at-arms
Henry Garcia (Episode 2)
John Galaher (Episode 3)
Billy Cornelius (Episode 4)
Michael Guest (Episode 4)
Walter Mann (Episode 4)
Ladies-in-waiting
Carole Brett (Episode 3)
Maureen Lane (Episode 3)
Knights
Michael Hart (Episode 3)
Winston Marsh (Episode 3)
Concubines
Cicely Joseph (Episode 4)
Mei Ling (Episode 4)
Cleo Sylvestre (Episode 4)
Evelyn Ong (Episode 4)

TECHNICAL DETAILS

Story code: P
Story title: The Crusade
Working title(s): The Saracen Hordes
 Damsel in Distress (Episode 2)
 Changing Fortunes (Episode 3)
 The Knight of Jaffa (Episode 4)
Author: David Whitaker
Number of episodes: 4
Studios: Riverside Studio 1 (main recording)
 Ealing (film inserts)

Episode One

Title	The Lion
Duration	24'56"
Recorded	5th March 1965
Transmitted	27th March 1965
Viewing figure	10,500,000
Audience appreciation figure	51

Episode Two

Title	The Knight of Jaffa
Duration	23'28"
Recorded	12th March 1965
Transmitted	3rd April 1965
Viewing figure	8,500,000
Audience appreciation figure	50

Episode Three

Title	The Wheel of Fortune
Duration	24'51"
Recorded	19th March 1965
Transmitted	10th April 1965
Viewing figure	9,000,000
Audience appreciation figure	49

Episode Four

Title	The Warlords
Duration	23'40"
Recorded	26th March 1965
Transmitted	17th April 1965
Viewing figure	9,500,000
Audience appreciation figure	48

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Director	
Douglas Camfield	
Producer	
Verity Lambert	
Designer	
Barry Newbery	
Story editor	
Dennis Spooner	
Production assistant	
Viktors Ritelis	
Assistant floor manager	
Michael Briant	
Assistant	
Shirley Coward	
Costume supervisor	
Daphne Dare	
Make-up supervisor	
Sonia Markham	
Floor assistant	
Trevor Beckett	
TM1	
Ralph Walton	
TM2	
Mark Lewis	
Sound supervisor	
Brian Hiles	
Vision mixer	
John Lopes	
Grams/tape operator	
Nick Ware	
Film cameraman	
Peter Hamilton	
Film editor	
Pam Bosworth	
Fight arranger	
Derek Ware	
Title music	
Ron Grainer	
Music composed and arranged by	
Dudley Simpson	
Crew	
Number Fourteen Crew	

EPISODE ONE

THE LION

1. Exterior a Small Wood Outside Jaffa (Day).

(Two knights walk across the frame, from left to right. They are in hunting clothes. They have daggers at their waists and are carrying swords. The two men look about cautiously. From the cover of a particularly thick bush nearby, a Saracen appears, a bow in his hand. He slips an arrow into place and, bending the bow, aims it at the retreating knights. el akir, a Saracen leader, steps out of the bushes and holds the soldier's arm. el akir is in his late thirties; he looks powerful, dangerous and accustomed to leading men. His clothes are richly embroidered.)

el akir: Not yet! One of them may be the King. Follow them. Listen to them.

(The Saracen nods, replaces his arrow and quietly moves after the two knights. el akir follows.)

2. Exterior Another Part of the Wood.

(A hawk rests on a man's wrist. The man is richard couer de lion; a superbly handsome, virile-looking man in his early thirties. His hair is red-gold and he is taller than average. He is dressed much like the two knights we saw earlier. richard slips a small leather hood over the head of the hawk.)

richard: We are the only day and night for you, hunter.

(Two knights in hunting clothes are also with richard. reynier de marun is standing against a tree, looking at richard. The second knight is william de tornebu. He is kneeling on the ground, trying to mend the faulty clasp of a magnificently bejewelled gold belt belonging to richard.)

de marun: I wish I were a hawk, Sire, and Saladin my prey.

(richard laughs gently.)

richard: Now there is a subject for our troubadours and actors. Speak to the Chamberlain about it, I beg you, de Marun.

de marun: I will, my lord. I shall have the players call the entertainment 'The defeat of Saladin, the sparrow of the East'.

(richard laughs again.)

richard: It will help to pass these weary waiting nights at Jaffa.

(richard glances at de tornebu who is frowning and tugging at the clasp.)

Here is a man obsessed with his work.

de tornebu: A beautiful thing, Sire, but it has a stubborn streak. The clasp is faulty and needs hot fires to make it pliable.

richard: Perhaps I should ride with craftsmen and leave my knights at home.

(As the knights smile at richard, william des preaux, another knight, breaks through the bushes, his sword in his hand.)

william: Your Majesty...

richard: No, des Preaux, I will not fight today.

de marun: Or do you mean to slay us all?

de tornebu: And eat us for his dinner, by the look of him.

william: Sire, I have heard sounds in these woods...

de marun: I have heard nothing.

de tornebu: What kind of sounds?

richard: Let the man speak!

william: I fear this wood, Sire. You are too far from Jaffa and the Saracens too near.

richard: Have you seen any?

william: No. But I sense them about us. This wood might have been designed for ambush.

(richard strokes the back of the hawk.)

richard: What, des Preaux? Would you see danger in your own shadow?

william: I have the brothers de L'etable with the horses, Sire, and all is ready for the return to Jaffa.

(richard eyes william coldly. william shifts uncomfortably.)

If your Majesty desires to go?

richard: We will stay here.

(Then he smiles at william.)

Until, William the Wary, you recover your composure. And, we hope, your sense of humour.

3. Exterior Thick Bushes.

(el akir and a Saracen soldier rise from the bush and, unseen, watch richard and his three knights.)

4. Exterior Another Part of the Wood.

(ian spreads the bushes aside and peers through. barbara is behind him and the TARDIS is further back. the doctor and vicki leave the ship, as ian draws back from the bushes.)

ian: Just let me look around a bit.

5. Exterior a Clearing in the Woods.

(barbara follows ian through the bushes into a clearing. As they walk away from the tangle of bushes screening the ship, a Saracen appears, brandishing a sword. barbara backs away. ian and the Saracen stare at each other for a second, then the Saracen begins to advance.)

ian: Barbara!

(He pulls barbara behind him. As he does so, shouts can be heard a short distance away as a battle erupts between the knights and the Saracens. barbara backs against a tree. The Saracen slowly advances towards them. Suddenly, the doctor appears from the bushes behind the Saracen.)

the doctor: Good afternoon.

(The Saracen wheels round and tries to adjust his sword to meet the new enemy. ian moves across and closes with him. barbara is about to move when a hand goes over her mouth and she is pulled backwards into some bushes. ian is too busy with the Saracen to notice. They wrestle each other to the ground. the doctor hits the Saracen on the head with a shield.)

What's all this? Who's this? Why did he attack you?

ian: I didn't stop to ask him.

(vicki appears in the clearing.)

vicki: What's going on here? Where are we?

the doctor: Ssh! Ssh!

ian: We'd better hide him. Sounds as if he's got friends about.

vicki: Who is he?

the doctor: Out of one trouble into another.

ian: Where's Barbara?

(He looks around, then crosses over to the tree.)

Barbara!

6. Exterior a Bush.

IAN (oov): Barbara!

(barbara is face down, a gag over her mouth. A Saracen is tying her hands behind her back.)

7. Exterior a Clearing in the Woods.

(richard and his party move through the bushes on retreat from the Saracens. As they hear them approach, the doctor and vicki withdraw into the cover of the bushes, while ian presses himself behind a tree. richard, who now has a slight head wound, is helped into view by de marun and des preaux. de tornebu walks ahead of the party, his sword at the ready. Suddenly de marun drops to the ground, dead. de tornebu also falls, an arrow lodged in his shoulder. He crashes down into the bushes near the doctor and vicki. Without warning, richard also falls, as ian pulls him down into the bushes, just as the Saracens enter the clearing. william des preaux faces them, his face strained and anxious.)

william: Saracens. I am the King. I am Malek Ric.
el akir: You have no friends to protect you now, Malek Ric.
william: Am I to die as well? If so, despatch me and have done with it.
el akir: A King at liberty may give commands. A captured one obeys them. Take him!
(The Saracens drag des preaux away. One Saracen remains with el akir.)

Find the others and kill them.

(el akir turns and exits. richard, still lying beside ian, groans. The Saracen hears the noise and, drawing his sword, approaches. ian sees de marun's sword on the ground and, scrambling for it, he leaps to his feet. The Saracen and ian fight. Nearby, the doctor and vicki watch helplessly. As the sword fight continues, the injured de tornebu crawls out of the bushes and pulls the arrow from his shoulder. Finally, ian gets the better of the Saracen and knocks him unconscious. the doctor and vicki cross over to de tornebu. ian joins them.)

the doctor: Are you all right?
ian: Yes.
the doctor: That Saracen nearly got me, I'm afraid.
ian: Saracens?
the doctor: Of course. You heard that man call himself Malek Ric. That was what the Saracens called Richard Coeur de Lion.
vicki: That means we're in the Holy Land.
(de tornebu tries to speak.)
He's trying to say something.

(They bend down around de tornebu.)

the doctor: Nasty shoulder wound.

de tornebu: He was not... not the King. The belt... get the belt.

(vicki picks up a belt, which is on the ground nearby.)

vicki: What, this belt?

the doctor: The belt! Of course. His Royal Master... King Richard. Richard will be very glad to get his belt back. And we need his assistance to help find Barbara.

ian: We can't wait till then, Doctor. I'm going to find her now.

8. Exterior Another Part of the Wood.

(barbara is carried through the wood. She is gagged and her hands are bound behind her back. Two Saracens carry her, amused at her struggling. el akir follows, keeping a watchful eye over his shoulder.)

9. Exterior the TARDIS.

(the doctor locks the door of the TARDIS. He is wearing a cloak and carrying another over his arm. He moves over to where vicki is tending to the unconscious de tornebu.)

the doctor: How is he? Did he take the drug I gave him?

vicki: Yes, but he's unconscious again.

the doctor: He'll be all right when we get him back to his own people.

(ian enters.)

Ah, there you are.

vicki: Where have you been? You've been gone over an hour.

ian: There's not a sign of her.

the doctor: As I said, we've got one chance of saving Barbara, and that's to get help from King Richard. This is his belt, you know.

ian: I suppose you're right. How do we set about it?

the doctor: We can't do anything further until I've found some suitable clothes for us to wear. Vicki and I will go into that town down there and see what we can find.

(He hands the cloak he is carrying to vicki.)

Now child, put this on. It'll make a good disguise.

ian: While you're away I'll gather some branches and make a stretcher.

the doctor: Good idea, Chesterton. We won't be long. And you can look after this.
(He hands IAN the belt.)
Come on, child.
(the doctor and vicki exit, leaving ian holding the King's belt.)

10. Interior Saladin's Headquarters at Ramlah.
(barbara is lying face downwards on a rug. william des preaux is in the same room, an anti-chamber containing a low table which holds a pitcher of water and two goblets, and a long, low stool. A Saracen stands guard at the arched doorway. william gives a coin to a servant in exchange for a cloak. He goes over and covers barbara with it. She immediately opens her eyes and starts to sit up.)

william: I do you no harm.
barbara: Oh. Thank goodness they've taken the gag away. I'm so thirsty.
(william goes over and pours some water into one of the goblets.)
william: I do not know who you are or how you came to be in the wood outside Jaffa.
(He looks at barbara who thinks it better to keep her own counsel for the moment.)
Your clothing is strange and has caused some talk.
barbara: Thank you for the cloak.
(barbara adjusts the cloak around her. william hands her the goblet and she drinks from it.)
That's better. Where are we?
william: I am told we are at Ramlah.
barbara: Ramlah?
william: The great Sultan's encampment.
barbara: I see. And why are we here?
william: As for you, I can make no guess. But I am here as King Richard, Couer de Lion, leader of the mighty host, the scourge of the Infidel.
barbara: Richard had red hair.
william: Had? Still has, if the ruse has worked.
barbara: Ah, then you...
william: I am Sir William des Preaux, captured and mistaken for my King. Some smiles will turn to long faces soon, I have no doubt.

barbara: Yes, I heard the sound of fighting in the wood.

william: We were sadly outnumbered and taken by surprise.

barbara: What happened to the others? In the wood?

william: I do not know. Maybe I shall never know.

(He smiles suddenly.)

But I have a hopeful heart and, what is better, a lucky King. And you, who will not say her name...

barbara: Barbara.

william: Barbara. I am keen to know how one so gentle puts herself amid the swords and arrows. And your garments are a fashion in themselves.

barbara: Take me back to that wood, Sir William, and I'll answer all your questions.

william: You ask for the impossible very lightly.

barbara: Is it so impossible?

william: It is today. But what am I to say of you to the heathen? How can I explain you to them?

barbara: You're King Richard to them. Who travels with Richard?

william: The queen would not... but the princess... yes. You shall be Joanna, my sister and support my lies.

barbara: Very well. I seem to have found a brother... and a title.

william: And, what is more, a friend.

barbara: That's a comforting thought. Ssh!

(william looks towards the archway and sees el akir approaching.)

william: Remember, you are Joanna.

(el akir enters the room.)

el akir: Salah ed-Din has commanded that all prisoners be treated with compassion. Would you say I have complied with his wishes?

william: The Sultan of Egypt and Syria would be pleased. But this lady, my sister...

el akir: Sister...?

william: Aye. Joanna.

(barbara curtsies to el akir.)

...Princess of England and closest to me in affection.

(barbara curtsies again. She looks at william and sits down.)

My sister had been ill-treated by your men. Handled roughly by them.

el akir: Enough of this babbling. The woman is all of one piece...

william: Woman! Watch your tongue, Saracen!

el akir: We shall call her Prisoner, then! Does that sound better? You have no rights, no privileges, nothing except the benevolence of our leader.

(He looks at barbara.)

That you are the King's sister bodes well for me. I can serve both the Sultan and Malek ed Adil.

william: Saphadin.

el akir: As you call the Sultan's brother, yes. He will be pleased to see the woman he has long admired. Let him go. He is a lion without claws.

(el akir turns on his heel and strides out.)

barbara: Somebody is going to have a very red face before very long.

william: And an angry temper...

11. Exterior a Street in Jaffa (Night).

(ben daheer, a trader, stands outside his shop between two stalls which flank the arched entrance. Bundles of cloth and satin are laid out on the stalls.)

ben: Rich silks... satins from Basrah... finest robes from Jaffa...

(the doctor and vicki approach and the doctor examines the fabrics.)

My lord. You are from Pisa, my lord?

the doctor: No.

ben: Genoa, then?

the doctor: I know the place.

ben: Ah, you are cautious, you traders from Venice.

the doctor: I am not Venetian. Neither am I a trader.

ben: Your pardon, my lord. The richness of your cloak is hidden by the darkness.

the doctor: You have some fine materials here.

ben: The finest on the coast, my lord.

the doctor: That's what they all say.

(the doctor and ben move into the shop.)

Yes, it's truly remarkable, all the colours of the rainbow. Where did you say these materials come from?

ben: Basrah.

(As he speaks, thatcher enters, carrying bundles of clothes. He is dressed in a simple tunic. ben is clearly irritated by the interruption.)

Forgive me, my lord.

(He turns to thatcher.)

Can't you be more careful when you come here? Can't you wait until the place is empty?

(Together they open the bundles of clothes and ben sorts through them.)

thatcher: They're all good. Fine things. I want more than you paid last time.

ben: Such clothes as these are not easy for me to sell.

thatcher: Just give me my money, you villain.

ben: I am always afraid I may sell them to the person you took them from.

thatcher: A good price, that's all I ask.

(As they haggle, the doctor mutters to himself)

the doctor: What has been stolen once, won't harm being stolen again. Or borrowed perhaps, shall we say.

(the doctor ducks under one of the stalls as ben gets out a little leather bag and counts out a few coins into thatcher's hands.)

thatcher: That's not enough. It was dangerous work getting those things. If I were caught... do you know what would happen? Do you know the King's punishment for thieves? I'd be shorn like a prize fighter. Boiling pitch poured on my head. And, as for you...

(the doctor's hand appears and removes one of the garments.)

ben: You did get out of the palace without being seen?

thatcher: Of course I did. And remember, I can go elsewhere next time.

ben: And get less?

(the doctor's hand appears again and another piece of clothing disappears.)

thatcher: I wouldn't get any less than what you give me. I risk my life getting these clothes out of the palace and collect next to nothing for my trouble. You're a thief and a villain. I don't know why I do business with you.

ben: Since you paid nothing for the clothes in the first place, you have done well.

(thatcher exits, counting his money. ben turns back to talk to the doctor.)

My lord...

(As ben moves to one stall, the doctor scuttles from that stall to the other

one.)

I was so sure he would buy from me. I could have sworn he hadn't left.

(the doctor ties a cord to the leg of one of the stalls and crawls back. He pulls the cord and the stall collapses. As ben is distracted, the doctor throws the clothes he has taken to vicki who is outside the doorway, and then rising, the doctor moves back inside.)

Oh, my shop... my clothes... my satins...

(vicki makes her getaway. the doctor rejoins ben.)

the doctor: Ah, my friend... you seem to have had some sort of an accident.

ben: Oh, I am the most miserable of men.

the doctor: Well, I'll leave you to your misfortune. But one day I shall return, and you shall not be the loser by the visit, eh?

ben: Oh do, my lord. Please do.

the doctor: Remember now. I always keep my promises. And thank you, my friend. Thank you.

ben: For what, my lord?

the doctor: Oh... just for being here. When you were most needed. Goodbye. Goodbye. Long live the Sultan.

(the doctor walks out, pleased with himself.)

12. Interior Saladin's Reception Chamber.

(saphadin, saladin's brother, is seated on a magnificent chair. Draperies hang behind it. el akir stands in front of saphadin.)

saphadin: Speak, El Akir.

el akir: My lord, I bring good fortune not only for your ears, but for he who rules over us as well.

saphadin: My brother hears you as I do.

el akir: I would see his face when I tell my story.

saphadin: If what you have to say pleases my brother, then you will see him.

(Unknown to el akir, saladin can hear every word. He is seated in a similar chair which backs onto saraphin's, but which is hidden by the draperies.)

el akir: Know then that I, El Akir, have the instrument to vanquish the invaders from across the seas.

saphadin: Indeed?

(el akir *claps his hands. A Saracen brings in william.*)

el akir: I have taken two prisoners, one of them, the King of the English, Malek Ric.

(*Still hidden from view, saladin holds his hands in prayer and then presses his hands to his lips, his thumbs resting on his chin.*)

saphadin: Malek Ric. If you are speaking the truth...

el akir: The Lion is in our cage.

saphadin: Good fortune indeed, El Akir.

el akir: The other, a priceless stone I bring to lay before you, as your heart desires.

(*el akir positively glows in triumph as he claps his hands once more. barbara is led into the room by another Saracen.*)

The sister of the Malek Ric, Joanna. Here for your command.

(*el akir bows. saphadin takes one step towards barbara and peers at her. Realising that it is not the King's sister at all, he nonetheless carefully controls his anger.*)

saphadin: Princess Joanna.

el akir: No less.

(*saphadin glares at el akir and whispers viciously.*)

saphadin: Less than less.

(*el akir starts back, alarmed at the venom in saphadin's voice.*)

Who is this creature? This rowdy jackal who yaps at my feet with tales of fortune and success.

el akir: My lord...

saphadin: You vile worm, do you think I do not know the face and the form of the Princess? Do you take me for a fool?

(*el akir turns on william and barbara.*)

el akir: You tricked me...

(*saladin appears from behind the drapes.*)

saladin: Be silent. This is not King Richard.

(*The colour drains from el akir's cheeks.*)

el akir: Not...

saladin: A blacker head of red-gold hair I never saw.

(*He looks at barbara.*)

You have the better bargain, brother. She may not be the Princess but her beauty lights the room.

el akir: My lord, I swear...

saladin: I do not wish to hear you. But I will listen to you.

(He looks at william.)

william: I am William des Preaux and to aid my King's escape from danger, I shouted his name and took his identity. This lady, your Highness, has no part in this matter but for aiding my pretence. I beg you to look upon her kindly, whatever fate you have for me.

saladin: I salute your chivalry.

(saladin turns his attention to barbara.)

All is clear to me, except the lady's presence.

el akir: Great Sultan, hear me.

(saladin glances at el akir.)

This woman can be made to entertain you. I can have her dance on hot coals, run a gauntlet of sharp swords...

william: No!

el akir: ...die, for your pleasure.

(saladin looks at barbara.)

saladin: What do you say to this?

barbara: It sounds like the punishment for a fool.

saladin: It does. And which of us here is the most foolish?

(He looks at el akir, who steps back in fear.)

El Akir, I can devise my own pleasures. Go with Sir William and let me hear you have treated him as a brother.

(He smiles slightly at william.)

Give him all liberty... except liberty itself.

(He waves a hand. A reluctant william follows el akir away, escorted by one of the Saracen guards. saladin again returns his attention to barbara.)

Are you afraid of me?

barbara: No.

saladin: You are not of these lands, yet you seem to be a stranger to Sir William.

barbara: I'm a traveller. I was with three friends. We arrived in the wood.

saladin: You rode into the wood?

barbara: No.

saphadin: You walked up to it?

barbara: Not that, either.

saladin: You arrived?

barbara: Yes...

(She hesitates.)

...in a box.

saphadin: In a box! Ah. You were carried into the wood?

barbara: Well... yes.

(She falls silent.)

saladin: Please talk. It helps me to consider what I am to do with you.

barbara: I would say... I came from another world, ruled by insects. Or that my friends and I were recently in Nero's Rome. Before that in England in the far future...

saladin: Ah... now I see. You and your friends are a band of players...entertainers?

saphadin: With little value in an exchange of prisoners with the English King. Brother, this is a trivial affair and I do not know why you waste your time.

(saphadin exits.)

saladin: I cannot dispense life and death lightly. If Sir William is to be returned, he must make good report of our mercy. Perhaps that is the factor in your favour.

barbara: I don't believe you're as calculating as that.

saladin: Then learn more of me. You must serve my purpose or you have no purpose... you will grace my table. If your stories beguile me, you shall stay and entertain.

barbara: Like Scheherazade.

saladin: Over whose head hung the sentence of death.

13. Interior a Chamber in King Richard's Palace at Jaffa.

(A servant is pressing some leaves against the wound on richard's head. richard is seated on his throne, in his darkest mood.)

richard: Enough! This is the Devil's own embrocation.

(the doctor, ian and vicki are grouped around the injured william de tornebu.)

de tornebu: ... and so these kindly people, whose faces were hidden in a mist until a moment past, saved my life and brought me here.

richard: Good friends indeed. We thank you.

(richard pushes the servant away and stands up.)

The brothers de L'etabie dead, and de Marun dead. Sir William des Preaux taken. What have I left but one wounded friend and a sore head?

the doctor: One small thing remains yours, Sire.

(the doctor produces the gold belt. richard goes over to him and takes it.)

richard: Once more, I am in your debt. But I'd change this for de Martin and the others.

(He throws the belt onto the throne and moves away.)

Friends cut down about my ears or stolen. My armies roust about and clutter up the streets of Jaffa with the garbage of their vices. And now I learn that John, my brother, finds a thirst for power, drinking great draughts of it, although it is not his to take. He's planning to usurp my throne and trades with my enemy, Phillip of France. A tragedy of fortunes and I'm too much beset by them. A curse on this! A thousand curses!

(ian whispers to the doctor.)

ian: We must ask him.

the doctor: I'm not sure this is the time.

vicki: No, he doesn't seem to be in the best of moods, does he?

ian: Well, we can't wait any longer.

the doctor: Gently. Gently...

(ian goes over to richard.)

ian: Your Majesty. There were four of us in the wood. Our other companion, a lady, was stolen...

richard: Do not bother me with such things now.

ian: I am asking you to give me escort to Saladin's headquarters.

richard: And what do you do when you are there?

ian: Arrange for the release of our friends.

richard: As my emissary to Saladin?

ian: Yes.

richard: And what will you do? Pay him compliments, give him presents in return?

the doctor: He can have a little use for a player King and a young woman, your Majesty.

richard: No.

ian: But I can get them back.

richard: No

ian: Why not?

richard: Are you deaf? We do not trade with Saladin today. Not today, tomorrow or any day henceforth.

the doctor: Our friend is just a woman, Sire; have pity on her. Let us help her.

vicki: Please, your Majesty...

(richard *is by now white with fury.*)

richard: Understand this! This woman can rot in one of Saladin's prisons until her hair turns white before I'll trade with the man who killed my friends!

Next Episode:

THE KNIGHT OF JAFFA

EPISODE TWO

THE KNIGHT OF JAFFA

1. Interior a Chamber in King Richard's Palace at Jaffa.

the doctor: Our friend is just a woman, Sire; have pity on her. Let us help her.

vicki: Please, your Majesty...

(richard is by now white with fury.)

richard: Understand this! This woman can rot in one of Saladin's prisons until her hair turns white before I'll trade with the man who killed my friends!

(the doctor, ian and vicki look helplessly at each other. william de tornebu, who has been resting on a low stool before richard's throne, rouses himself)

de tornebu: My lord, although it seems we left a little of our pride in that wood, there's still some capital to be made of this affair. Beside the violence and tragedy, it has a humour.

richard: Humour? Is he delirious?

(He looks at the doctor.)

the doctor: I think I know what he means. Here's Saladin, mighty ruler, commander of huge armies, believing he has captured you.

vicki: You could turn this into a good story against Saladin.

de tornebu: See the brighter side, my lord. A troop of men to capture one of your knights? He'd need an army by itself alone to take your horse, or every man he has and more to take you prisoner.

the doctor: You could spread this tale by word of mouth and all the world would know that Saladin fears you.

vicki: You must admit, Sire, he'd look an idiot if you sent to him and asked if he'd finished playing his game and could you have your knight back.

(richard smiles.)

richard: There is a jest here. Albeit a grim one with our friends dead. Saladin must be just as much out of temper over this affair as we are.

the doctor: Your messenger might offer to exchange a hundred prisoners for the knight he holds.

richard: He'd think we value Sir William highly. We do but it would not be good to let Saladin know.

the doctor: He might think you undervalue his men - one hundred of his to one of yours. That

isn't a fair bargain, Sire.

richard: By my father's name, you have wit, old man. Guard... call the Chamberlain.

(The guard bows and hurries out.)

We are conscious of the service you have rendered and will like to see you here in our court. As to the sending of a messenger... Joanna!

(joanna, richard's sister, enters swiftly. She has fair hair and is not tall. Her figure and carriage are superb. They embrace each other warmly.)

joanna: Brother, you are wounded?

richard: Joanna, even our pride has been mended. Look at this collection. Courage, loyalty and wit are gathered here.

(joanna looks at the doctor and the others, who all bow. de tornebu attempts to rise, but cannot.)

de tornebu: Forgive me, your Highness.

joanna: This man should be in his sickbed.

richard: Yes. Chamberlain! Where are you?

(The chamberlain enters. He is a tall, dignified figure, conscious of his position as court administrator.)

chamberlain: Coming, Sire, coming.

richard: Take this knight and see he is well tended. Find places for these others. They have my patronage.

chamberlain: Thatcher, lend a hand!

(The chamberlain, ian and the doctor help de tornebu to his feet. vicki picks up de tornebu's sword which has been laid at his feet.)

vicki: Be careful. Mind his shoulder.

ian: I think we should carry him.

vicki: Shall I help you, Ian?

ian: No, I can manage, I think.

(the doctor notices joanna looking curiously at vicki.)

joanna: This is a young man?

the doctor: His voice hasn't broken yet, your Highness.

joanna: What is your name?

vicki: Vi... Victor.

joanna: Do you sing songs? Or play an instrument?

vicki: No I... nobody ever showed me...

joanna: We must see to your clothes, at least.
(The chamberlain looks at the clothes Vicki is wearing. He frowns.)

the doctor: Come on, Victor. Let us attend upon the others.
(They carry de tornebu to the entrance. A servant enters and, with the chamberlain, they conduct de tornebu from the room.)

2. Outside the Chamber.

chamberlain: We have him.

ian: That belt wasn't much use, was it?

the doctor: I didn't like the way the Chamberlain examined Vicki's clothes, Chesterton. I've just remembered they were originally stolen from here.

vicki: Ssh!

3. Interior a Chamber in King Richard's Palace at Jaffa.

(Richard looks at them through the archway. The doctor and Ian bow and exit.)

joanna: Strange people.

richard: Good friends. And what is this? I have not seen this jewel before.
(He examines a jewel hanging around Joanna's neck.)

joanna: A gift from the man you fight.

richard: Saladin?

joanna: His brother, Saphadin. I have given no cause for his attentions.

richard: Saladin sends me presents of fruit and snow when I am sick. His brother decorates you with his jewels. Yet with our armies do we both lock in deadly combat, watering the land with a rain of blood and the thunder in the skies is lost in the shouts of dying men.

joanna: Your heart calls for England, Richard.

richard: Aye, it does.

joanna: Is there no kind of peace with Saladin?

richard: All wise men look for peace. The terms of peace make wise men fools. I would have Ascalon, but Saladin fears that if he grants me the town of Ascalon, I will invade Egypt and no pledge of mine can change his mind. How that jewel radiates the light.
(Richard fingers the jewel. He looks into Joanna's eyes and smiles.)

So Saphadin desires my sister.

joanna: Surely you and Saladin have some common meeting ground, Richard.

richard: Joanna...? Saphadin...?

(He looks back at joanna and the light catches on the jewel.)

4. Interior an Anteroom to Saladin's Chamber at Ramlah.

(el akir is talking to sheyrah, a serving woman of saladin's court. He holds a ring out to her as a bribe.)

el akir: Take... tell me where the woman is.

sheyrah: No.

el akir: Then bring her to me.

sheyrah: No.

el akir: Then deserve my displeasure.

sheyrah: My lord is greater than you...

(el akir grips sheyrah's hand.)

el akir: Where is she?

(luigi ferrigo, a Genoese merchant, enters the room. sheyrah pulls her hand away and exits. luigi is a devious man, ruled by greed, bought by money. He is forty, thin and ugly.)

luigi: She was a fool not to take the ring.

(He moves over and, taking it from el akir, holds it up and examines it.)

But perhaps you were asking too much for it.

(el akir snatches it back.)

Now I have something to ask of someone. If only I knew their price.

el akir: I'm not bought by you, merchant.

luigi: You are an Emir, El Akir. What possessions of mine could possibly match those you already own. But I am travelled from Tyre to speak with Saladin at Ramlah; a weary journey and neither he nor his brother will receive me.

el akir: It's nothing to me. I am leaving Ramlah.

luigi: Do you return to your palace at Lydda?

el akir: Yes.

luigi: Then what holds you here?

(el akir turns away, silently angry.)

We both have reasons for being here, El Akin. Can we not help each other?

el akir: What is your reason, merchant?

luigi: Conrad of Tyre has sent an emissary here to make a treaty with your overlord. I come on his heels. Where there is a treaty, there is a chance of profit. What lies unwanted in my ships at Tyre can find a home in Saladin. And from him I can buy and stock my ships again.

el akir: What is my part in this?

luigi: Arrange an audience with Saladin or his brother. But how could I return such a favour?

el akir: There is a woman here, an English woman who made me look a fool. I shall take her to my palace at Lydda. We'll see who the fool is and who is master there.

luigi: A simple matter. Arrange my audience and then wait by the stables. I'll bring the woman to you.

5. Interior a Room in Saladin's Palace at Ramlah.

(barbara examines her face in a hand mirror. sheyrah stands behind her, adjusting some of barbara's costume, which is rich and sensuous.)

sheyrah: Your lord will be dazzled with your beauty, my lady.

(barbara looks unsure that she wants him to be.)

barbara: Thank you, Sheyrah.

sheyrah: Lady, I...

(sheyrah hovers in the background as though she wants to say something to barbara. barbara becomes aware of this and turns to look at her.)

barbara: What is it?

(sheyrah speaks, but does not dare say what is really on her mind.)

sheyrah: The whispers are about that you will tell a never-ending story...

barbara: Oh, yes.... how did I get myself into this?

sheyrah: Be at peace, my lady. You only tremble at the honour of appearing before the great Sultan...

(barbara smiles at sheyrah, turns back to continue adorning herself, then sheyrah moves closer and whispers.)

I must tell you something, my lady. You have made an enemy... you must beware...

barbara: An enemy?

sheyrah: El Akir is planning... I know not what, but he is an evil man.

barbara: How do you know this?

sheyrah: Already he has tried to buy my loyalty with precious stones. You must be cautious, I implore of you... escape if you can.

(sheyrah looks fearfully around, aware she has already said too much.)

barbara: El Akin? But does Saladin not...

sheyrah: Please, my lady. I will fetch your shoes...

barbara: Sheyrah!

(But sheyrah has already left through one of the curtains. barbara turns what sheyrah has said over in her mind, but then realises she has a more immediate problem and mutters to herself.)

A never-ending story? What am I going to do? Stories... er... Shakespeare, that's an idea. *Romeo and Juliet*... of course! And then Hans Christian Andersen... and Lilliput... *Gulliver's Travels*...

(A hand suddenly appears and parts the beaded curtain at the entrance. barbara looks up, startled. luigi appears, a finger to his lips, signalling silence. In his other hand, he holds his gloves. He peers around the room. barbara gets up.)

luigi: I am Luigi Ferrigo...merchant from Genoa. I have a horse for you at the stables.

barbara: Did Sir William send you?

(luigi urges silence and speed.)

sheyrah (oov): Which shoes shall I bring, my lady?

(luigi whispers to barbara.)

luigi: Sir William, yes. Yes, he sent me. Please hurry.

(luigi puts down his gloves, takes off his cloak and puts it around barbara's shoulders. He only picks up one glove, not realising that he has left the other behind. Silently he steers barbara through the beaded curtain. A moment later sheyrah enters and looks around, mystified at the now empty room.)

sheyrah: My lady?

(She moves to the doorway.)

My lady?

(She goes to the table and puts down the shoes. As she does so she sees the glove and, picking it up, looks at it thoughtfully.)

6. Interior Section of Stables.

(A horse can be heard snorting and stamping. An upright beam and straw can be seen on the floor, and part of a wooden partition. el akir stands there, half in shadow. He hears a sound and draws back out of sight into the blackness. luigi leads barbara into the stables.)

luigi: The man should be here.

(el akir appears behind barbara, an evil grin on his face.)

el akir: He is.

(barbara wheels round and tries to get away, but el akir puts a hand over her mouth and holds her arms with his other hand.)

Your way is open to the Sultan's brother.

(luigi exits and el akir pulls the struggling barbara into the shadows.)

7. Interior a Robing Room in King Richard's Palace.

(The room is a small one with a bench and some stools. Clothes hang over bars and are piled up here and there. ian is nearly finished dressing as a knight. the doctor is adjusting ian's tunic.)

ian: I think the whole thing is ridiculous.

the doctor: Now, Chesterton, don't argue and get on with it.

ian: But why do I have to put this lot on?

the doctor: My dear fellow, how do I know? The King wants you to and that's good enough, isn't it?

vicki: What are you complaining about? It might give you a chance to find out about Barbara.

the doctor: Never mind the mights. All we need is the sword and we're ready.

ian: For what?

the doctor: The King will tell you that. Now boy, you know, I have an idea that King Richard means to send you to Saladin after all.

8. Interior a Chamber in King Richard's Palace.

(richard is dictating a letter to a priest.)

richard: And not only this Kingdom, its fortresses and towns shall be yours, but all the Frankish Kingdom. Our sister, the Princess Joanna, whose beauty is already talked of wherever men of judgement and discernment are, is a proper match for one who not only rejoiced in so grand... wait... not grand... so eminent a brother

as is the Sultan Saladin, but who possesses an eminence of his own. Prince Saphadin, we beg you to prefer this match and thus make us your brother.

(richard walks over to the priest, takes the pen and writes his name. Then he presses his signet ring into the wax seal on the parchment and hands it to a waiting servant.)

See that this is taken immediately.

(The servant bows low and exits. As he leaves, the doctor, ian and vicki enter.)

Now... some business with you. Come closer.

the doctor:

We have done as you commanded, your Majesty.

(richard goes to his throne and sits down, picking up the gold belt and weighing it in his hands.)

richard:

Take this golden belt to Saladin. Beg him to release Sir William des Preaux and your companion.

vicki:

Oh, Ian... that's marvellous.

the doctor:

Very gracious of you, Sire.

richard:

Do you wonder why I listen to your appeal?

the doctor:

It is a King's advantage to make yesterday's deafness today's keen hearing.

richard:

More than that - although I am surrounded by loyal men I fear that war is uppermost in their minds. We plan a match between Joanna and Saphadin to bring peace, and that is why we send you in place of others closer to me. Bring back Sir William and your lady. But bring us hope as well. This blood-letting must stop.

ian:

I leave at once?

richard:

Is it peace or your companion which give you this enthusiasm? Well, whatever reason, may it speed you back to me. We have one duty to perform before you leave.

(He looks at vicki, who holds the sword.)

Bring that sword, boy.

(vicki approaches the King.)

You are without rank or title and, while I do not doubt your courage, my emissary shall speak from a proper position and authority.

(He draws the sword from the sheath that vicki is holding.)

What is your name?

ian:

Ian Chesterton, but...

the doctor: Kneel down, Chesterton. Go on.
(ian *kneels*. richard *touches each of ian's shoulders with the sword*.)

richard: In the name of God, St. Michael and St. George, we dub you Sir Ian, Knight of Jaffa. Arise Sir Ian and be valiant.
(*He holds out his hand and ian kisses it.*)

ian: Your Majesty.

9. Interior a Robing room in King Richard's Palace.

(*The chamberlain is present and also ben daheer, the clothing merchant from whom the doctor acquired the clothes.*)

chamberlain: ... with long white hair?

ben: Yes, my lord.

chamberlain: A dark cloak that nearly touches the ground.

ben: The same... if he has the article you mention, he stole them from me.

chamberlain: Then we shall wait here until his return and face him with his infamy.

10. Interior a Chamber in Saladin's Palace.

luigi: (*saphadin is seated on the throne facing into the room. luigi ferrigo is standing in front of him. Behind saphadin, in a throne facing the opposite direction, sits saladin concealed by the draperies, but listening to every word.*)

Perfumes and materials from Baghdad. Ivory, gold and spices - all these, Prince Saphadin, are now but a trickle because of this war.

saphadin: My brother has not made any treaty yet with Conrad of Tyre.

luigi: I am a merchant and hope I do no wrong in anticipating events, my lord.

saphadin: You are seeking a concession?

luigi: I am well known for my proper dealings, my lord.

saphadin: Yes, your reputation has flown ahead of you. Where there are transactions to be made, there may one find Luigi Ferrigo.

luigi: It is my calling, Prince Saphadin.

saphadin: Well, help me judge another matter and I shall judge your mind a little better.
(*saladin appears from behind the draperies.*)

saladin: I will hear this part.

saphadin: Yes, brother.

(luigi *bows*. saladin *nods*. saphadin *claps his hands*.)

saladin: This is a domestic matter only, but since it concerns a person who is more of your way of life than ours, we welcome your advice.

(luigi *bows again*. sir william *enters with sheyrah*.)

saphadin: A prisoner has escaped.

luigi: Indeed?

saladin: A woman who I hoped would perhaps divert this court. I had reason to believe she was a teller of stories.

saphadin: Speak!

sheyrah: Do not blame me, my lord.

(*She flings herself down in front of them.*)

saladin: Tell me what happened.

sheyrah: I do not know. I went to fetch her shoes and when I returned she was gone. That is all I know.

saladin: And you, Sir William, know nothing of this affair?

william: Nothing, Lord Saladin. I would not encourage a lady to venture out alone.

saladin: I believe you. Nor do I believe that the woman would go by herself.

saphadin: What is your opinion, merchant?

luigi: This woman had an accomplice, perhaps. A companion who helped her and acted as her guide.

william: She was abducted, that is the only explanation.

saladin: Yes.

luigi: Ah, I see. Of course, that is a possibility.

saphadin: What else have you to say, woman?

sheyrah: You mean... what I found?

saphadin: Yes.

sheyrah: On the table... I found a glove.

saladin: A man's glove?

sheyrah: Yes, my lord.

saladin: This glove?

sheyrah: Yes, lord.

(*As saladin produces the glove, he looks directly at luigi.*)

saladin: It has a companion, Sir William.
(william goes over to luigi and pulls the other glove from his belt.)

william: Where is she? What did you do with her?
(luigi looks from one to the other.)

luigi: I took her... to El Akir.

11. Interior a Corridor Outside the Robing Room.

the doctor: Without doubt, you'll find Barbara there all right, my boy.

vicki: Good luck, Ian. Try to be as quick as you can.

ian: I will, Vicki.

the doctor: Godspeed, Chesterton. And remember... be valiant!

ian: And you be...be...
(the doctor shakes ian's hand, ian smiles at vicki and exits. the doctor and vicki watch him go.)

the doctor: I almost wish I'd been knighted myself.

vicki: That'll be the day! Let's go and tidy up Ian's clothes.
(the doctor opens the curtains of the robing room and goes through followed by vicki.)

12. Interior a Robing Room in King Richard's Palace.
(As soon as the doctor and vicki are in the room, the chamberlain steps across to cover the entrance. the doctor turns and faces him, then sees ben daheer in a corner.)

chamberlain: I have been waiting to speak with you.

the doctor: And what about, pray?

ben: Thief!

the doctor: What's that?

vicki: I beg your pardon?

ben: Visitor of sorrows, depriver of my children, robber of my goods.

the doctor: Who is this?
(He turns to vicki.)
Do you know?

vicki: No... but his face seems sort of familiar...

chamberlain: You stole some clothing from him.

the doctor: Oh, really.

chamberlain: Do you see this riding habit? It was taken from this very room. Now it is back here again.

(The chamberlain holds up ian's hunting outfit, discarded in favour of his knight's apparel.)

the doctor: And very poor garments they are too.

chamberlain: This... and this... stolen from me.

ben: And stolen from me.

the doctor: Yes, that really is a point isn't it? If we stole it from you, Chamberlain, how could we steal from him?

ben: You did... you did steal from me!

the doctor: Then we couldn't have stolen them from him, you blockhead!

chamberlain: Please, please... now I had these clothes first.

the doctor: Oh, how nice for you.

ben: And I had them second.

vicki: Did you buy them?

ben: Yes.

vicki: From us?

ben: No.

the doctor: Then the man who stole them from you... sold them to you. Do you agree?

chamberlain: Er... yes.

(thatcher enters.)

thatcher: My lord Chamberlain. A ship is in the harbour and disgorging fruit from Acre.

(ben daheer is behind thatcher, but as he turns to go, ben points at him.)

ben: That's the man. I bought them from him!

(the doctor looks at the chamberlain.)

the doctor: Then he stole them from you.

chamberlain: Thatcher, you villain!

(thatcher, who has been carrying a pannier of fruit, now drops it and rushes out of the room. the doctor stops the chamberlain as he is about to go after thatcher.)

the doctor: Just a minute, my lord Chamberlain. This merchant bought the clothes in good faith and paid for them. Give him back his money.

(The chamberlain reluctantly gets out his purse.)

chamberlain: But I must catch the thief.

the doctor: Yes, but don't make an honest man suffer. Pay him.

chamberlain: Oh...

(He dumps the purse in ben's hand and rushes out.)

Thatcher! Come back, you thief! Guards. Guards.

ben: Oh, joy to you, my lord. Giver of life to my father, provider.

the doctor: Yes, yes, yes, off you go now.

(the doctor ushers ben from the room and turns back to vicki.)

Mmm... well, we seem to have solved that little problem. Come, child...

13. Exterior the Doors of El Akir's Palace.

(A white stucco archway with heavy doors. Two sentries stand to attention as el akir strides up.)

el akir: The woman tied to the horse. Bring her!

(el akir enters the palace. One of the sentries drags barbara in, her wrists tied together.)

first sentry: Another one for El Akir's cage.

second sentry: I swear there's no better collection in Islam.

(barbara pushes the sentry by her side into the one facing her and they both fall. They pick themselves up and run after her.)

14. Interior an Anteroom in Saladin's Palace.

(ian and william are together. ian looks strained and anxious.)

ian: Kidnapped?

william: Yes, Sir Ian. I fear so. Your rescue has come too late.

ian: But who could have taken her?

william: This Genoese merchant...?

ian: Luigi Ferrigo, yes...

william: He explained it away that Barbara had conceived a passion for El Akir. Saladin and his brother believed the story, but I do not.

ian: Of course it's a lie.

william: They could be as friendly as a hawk and a sparrow.

ian: Where can I find El Akir?

william: He has returned to Lydda, since falling out with Saladin.

ian: Is Lydda very far, Sir William?

william: No, but it's El Akir's territory, where he has his men.

ian: I'm going after her.

william: El Akir has an evil reputation. 'Tis my belief he took your companion out of revenge... in his eyes, she would make another addition to his harem.

15. A Narrow Passageway.

(The passage is filled with archways. barbara runs up the passageway, desperately looking around. She hears the sound of running feet pursuing her and cowers in the shadows of an archway. A guard walks along the arches and barbara presses herself into the shadows. Another guard appears and they stand talking to each other. Then they move off, passing barbara. She moves across the street to another darkened archway and, without warning, a hand appears behind her and clamps around her mouth.)

Next Episode:

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

EPISODE THREE

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

1. Exterior a Narrow Passageway.

(The passage is filled with archways. barbara runs up the passageway, desperately looking around. She hears the sound of running feet pursuing her and cowers in the shadows of an archway. A guard walks along the arches and barbara presses herself into the shadows. Another guard appears and they stand talking to each other. Then they move off, passing barbara. She moves across the street to another darkened archway and, without warning, a hand appears behind her and clamps around her mouth. The hand belongs to haroun ed-diin, who emerges from the shadows. He indicates to keep silent. barbara nods and he releases his hand. He pushes her behind him as the two guards approach. The guards move past the archway. haroun creeps out after them, puts an arm across the throat of the last guard and knocks him out. He returns to barbara.)

haroun: Two heads without the brains of one.

(haroun grins at barbara. He is a powerful, virile-looking man in his mid forties, but his clothes are poor.)

barbara: Thank you for helping me.

(She holds out her bound wrists. haroun cuts the rope.)

Who are you?

haroun: I am Haroun Ed-diin.

barbara: I am Barbara.

haroun: We have a common enemy in El Akir. It makes for uncommon friendship. Come with me.

barbara: Where?

haroun: To a place of safety. Come.

(barbara smiles at him, trusting him for what he has already done, and liking him too. They move off)

2. Interior a Robing Room in King Richard's Palace.

(vicki and ben daheer are admiring the cloak that the doctor is now wearing.)

vicki: Oh, you look marvellous...

ben: Marvellous indeed! My lord, the birds will envy you, the multi-coloured fish in the deeps are put to shame, the rainbow...

the doctor: All right, all right, don't get carried away so much, my dear fellow. It's a fine cloak and you've made a good job of it...

ben: My lord is most gracious.

the doctor: Now, the next question is, what can you do for the boy? I want him in something of finer quality.

ben: Like yours, my lord? Well, I can provide all the quality you need. Jewelled tunics with furred collars, ruby-studded belts, quilted sleeves, laced llama boots...

the doctor: Yes, quite so... well, go away my friend, think about it and return tomorrow.

ben: I will, my lord. And when the sun rises, I shall be here to transform the boy into a veritable strutting peacock.

(He starts to exit, but turns at the door.)

And perhaps my lord will recommend the name of Ben Daheer to the King?

(He bows and exits. vicki whispers to the doctor.)

vicki: Who's your friend?

3. Interior a Corridor Outside the Robing Room.

(joanna passes down the corridor to the robing room.)

4. Interior a Robing Room in King Richard's Palace.

(She stands in the doorway listening as the doctor and vicki talk.)

vicki: But why do I have to pretend to be a boy anyway. Couldn't I be a girl again? Please?

the doctor: I'm sorry, my dear, but you see how we're placed here...

(vicki suddenly sees joanna and touches the doctor's arm.)

...what's that my dear?

(He turns casually and then stiffens as he sees joanna. He and vicki bow.)

joanna: Why have you deceived us?

the doctor: Your Highness, this girl is my ward. Finding ourselves in such hostile country, I decided to disguise her.

joanna: But we are not hostile. The open country, yes; within the reach of the merciless Saracen, yes. But here? In Jaffa?

vicki: Please don't be angry. He only did what he thought was best for me.
(joanna *smiles at* vicki.)

joanna: A pretty advocate. Well, I won't be a partner to this deception, but while you are here, you shall be in my company and be given my protection.

the doctor: I'm very grateful.
(joanna *turns to* vicki.)

joanna: The Chamberlain was in the corridor. Bring him to me.
(vicki *exits*.)

You say you are grateful. I cannot command what I ask of you now, nor will I. But I am in some quandary.

the doctor: Tell me how I can help you.

joanna: I am my brother's favourite yet now I find I am excluded from his confidence. I sense he's made a plan of which I am a part.

the doctor: May I ask you why, of all the people here, you come to me?

joanna: There's something new in you, yet something older than the sky itself. I sense that I can trust you.

the doctor: If there is a plan, I'll find out what it is and keep close in touch.
(*The chamberlain enters with vicki close behind.*)

joanna: Then I am satisfied. Ah, good Chamberlain.

chamberlain: Your Highness?

joanna: Bid your servants go about the town and find materials. Also find nimble hands who will dress this child. Good weaving, well spun cloth. The dresses will be silk and satins and brocaded stuff.

chamberlain: Silk... satins? Dresses? Dresses... for the boy?
(*He explodes with laughter, then realises than joanna is not laughing. He swallows his mirth.*)

I thought... it was some amusement, your Highness.

joanna: Did you Chamberlain?
(joanna *leaves the room*.)

chamberlain: I don't understand.

vicki: It's perfectly simple - I'm a girl.

chamberlain: A girl. Dressed as a boy. Is... nothing reliable these days?
(*He starts to leave, then struck by a sudden thought, he stiffens and turns.*)

The dresses. Silk and satins. Where is the money to come from?

the doctor: The household purse.
(He smiles wickedly. The chamberlain opens his mouth to protest, but thinks better of it and exits, dejectedly.)

vicki: Thank goodness for that. I didn't really see myself as a strutting peacock.

the doctor: Yes, in one way it hasn't turned out too badly.

vicki: What do you mean, in one way?

the doctor: Well, you'll be much safer under Joanna's wing.

vicki: I'll still see you, won't I?

the doctor: Of course you will.

vicki: I mean, Barbara's gone and then Ian.

the doctor: Only temporarily.

vicki: You wouldn't go off and leave me, would you?

the doctor: What a thing to say!

vicki: Your ship's the only home I have now. I couldn't bear it if...

the doctor: Now, now... what's all this?

vicki: When you said, a good thing in one way, I thought... well, I thought you meant it was... a sort of problem and...

the doctor: You know me better than that, surely? No, my reservation was that I may get entangled in Court intrigue. And that can be very dangerous. Very dangerous indeed.

5. Interior a Room in Haroun's House.

(haroun enters, looks around the room and beckons. barbara enters.)

haroun: Safiya. Safiya.
(A figure emerges from the darkness and runs to haroun.)

safiya: Father, I have been so frightened.
(She sees barbara. haroun turns to barbara.)

haroun: My poor house is yours. This is my daughter Safiya.
(He turns and addresses safiya.)

Treat her as you would your closest cousin. See to some food.
(safiya leaves the room.)

The soldiers of El Akir were the searchers in the streets. You must hide here until a quieter time.

barbara: I don't want to endanger you.

haroun: I am in constant danger. I have sworn to kill the Emir.

barbara: El Akir?

haroun: Yes, that vile and evil man. Last year my fine house was a happy place. A gentle wife, a son who honoured and obeyed me and two daughters who adorned whatever place they visited. Then El Akir came to Lydda and imposed his will. He desired my eldest daughter, Maimuna, but I refused him.

barbara: And he took her?

haroun: Yes, when Safiya and I were away he came and burned my house and stole my lands. My wife and son were put to the sword.

barbara: Then why do you stay in Lydda?

haroun: I live for one thing. The death of El Akir. Now I shall go out and see if the way is clear for your escape.

barbara: No, please. I feel I am just making things worse for you.

haroun: Rest here, quietly. I shall not be long.

(He starts to leave, but returns and takes out his knife.)

If danger threatens, Safiya will hide you. But, if the soldiers persist in their search and you think they will find you...

(He offers the knife to barbara.)

Take this. Use it.

(barbara's voice rises in horror as she realises what haroun means.)

barbara: Kill her?

haroun: Yes, and then yourself.

barbara: No

haroun: You must.

barbara: No, life... any sort of life is better than this way.

haroun: You do not know El Akir.

barbara: It's no good. I couldn't do it. I couldn't.

haroun: You would not let them take Safiya?

barbara: No, of course not.

haroun: I'll leave the knife.

(haroun exits. barbara holds the knife and looks at it, lying in the palm of her hand. A moment later safiya enters the room with a platter of food and two bowls.)

safiya: Where has my father gone?

barbara: Oh, hello. Er... he went out to... to see if the soldiers had gone.

safiya: More likely to ask more questions of our neighbours.

barbara: Questions? I don't understand.

(safiya lays out the bowls and starts to spoon food into them.)

safiya: My mother, brother and my sister Maimuna disappeared last year. My father searches everywhere for them. We live in hope that they will return one day.

barbara: You don't know...?

safiya: Where they are? No, it is a strange mystery. They've gone away and we must simply wait until they return. It is the will of Allah. Will you eat?

(safiya sees the knife.)

My father's knife...

barbara: Oh, your father left it here.

safiya: How strange. He never goes without it.

6. Exterior a Narrow Passageway.

(haroun appears, backing away. The sound of conversation and laughter echoes from the direction he has come. Behind him, through the archway, a guard suddenly appears. He sees haroun just as haroun turns. haroun immediately reaches for his belt where his knife is normally kept. The guard reacts and knocks haroun out. el akir appears through the archway.)

el akir: Who's this?

guard: I do not know, my lord. He was going to slay me...

el akir: I seem to know that face.

(el akir bends and twists haroun's face into the light of a flickering torch.)

guard: You cannot, my lord. He is a poor man of the town, little more than a beggar. He lives in the Northern quarter.

el akir: Have you searched there?

guard: A little, my lord. A den of thieves and beggars, not wise to venture into such a place of squalor.

el akir: The runaway could find a host of allies in the Northern quarter, each individual as desperate as herself. Take what men you need and find her!

7. Interior a Chamber in King Richard's Palace.

(richard, the doctor *and the* earl of leicester, *a tough, small but active man in his forties, are present.*)

- richard: ...and when Sir Ian is with us once again, he'll bring your lady and Sir William des Preaux in addition to the answer to my several letters.
- leicester: Tell me your plan, Sire. A new demand of Saladin? A battle planned? A victory like Arsuf?
- richard: Not this time, Leicester, no I've had another thought. To give my sister's hand in marriage to Saphadin, brother of the Sultan, and so make an end to this war.
- the doctor: I'm glad you're thinking in terms of peace, Sire.
- leicester: The princess to marry Saphadin. My lord, I beg you to explain.
- richard: I do not feel obliged to explain to anyone. I thought my words were plain enough, Leicester.
- the doctor: And your scheme a good one... if the Princess will agree.
- richard: Joanna knows nothing of this yet.
- the doctor: Will she agree?
- richard: You should say, "how can she refuse to stem the blood, bind up the wounds and give a host of men lives and futures?" Now there's a marriage contract that puts sacrifice to shame and makes a saint of any woman.
- leicester: With all the strength at my command, I urge you, Sire, abandon this pretence of peace...
- the doctor: Pretence! Here's an opportunity to save the lives of men and all you can do is turn it down without any proper thought. What do you think you're doing?
- leicester: I speak as a soldier! Why are we here, Sire, in this foreign land, if not to fight? The Devil's horde, Saracen and Turk, possess Jerusalem and we won't wrest it from them with honeyed words.
- the doctor: With swords, I suppose.
- leicester: Aye, with swords... and lances, or the axe!
- the doctor: You stupid butcher! Don't you know anything else but killing?
- leicester: Oh, you're a man for talk, I can see that. You like a table and a ring of men, a parley here, arrangements there... but when the men of eloquence have stunned each other with your words... we... we the soldiers have to face it out. And some half-started morning while you speakers lie abed, armies settle everything... giving sweat and sinew, bodies, aye... and life itself.
- the doctor: I admire bravery, sir... and loyalty. You have both of these. Unfortunately, you have no brains at all. I despise fools!
- leicester: A fool can match a coward any day!

(His hand goes to his belt, to an ornamental dagger.)

richard: Enough of this. Do you dare to flourish arms before your King?

(leicester stares at richard and then bows.)

Know this, my Lord of Leicester, that we shall not be 'advised'. We have decided on a pact with Saladin. If that fails, a trial of arms. But we have set our mind and heart upon this marriage of our sister with Saladin's brother. It shall go forward!

8. Interior a Chamber in Saladin's Palace.

(saladin sits with a parchment in his hand. Surrounding his feet are various other rolls of parchment, writings and maps. He looks at the parchment in his hand again and smiles. saphadin is nearby.)

saphadin: Why do you smile, brother? Is it a trap?

saladin: No, the English King writes sincerely.

(He gives a short laugh.)

It is so guileless it can only be genuine.

saphadin: Think seriously about it. Alliance with Joanna would give me title to much land, power over far-off countries... a glittering empire, brother.

saladin: I did not know you were so ambitious.

(saphadin realises that he has revealed too much.)

saphadin: I would be the name... yours would be the voice.

saladin: Ah.

saphadin: Of course.

saladin: As you say... of course.

(saladin looks steadily at his brother. Suddenly he smiles.)

Do not look so troubled. I will humour you and let this proposition go ahead.

(saphadin turns away, his face betrays a sudden gleam of triumph. saladin gets up, stands at his shoulder and speaks with quiet force.)

But listen to me well! War is a mixture of many things. How long is the march? How short the battle? Think, brother. How does this marriage proposition help us win our future battles?

saphadin: You do not mean to think of this alliance seriously?

saladin: If you can marry with this sister of the English King, then do it and I'll help you to it. Go - write an answer. Say the idea pleases both of us.

saphadin: But yet you doubt it?

saladin: Have England, France and all the rest come here to cheer a man and woman and a love match? No, this is a last appeal for peace from a weary man. So you write your letter and I'll alert the armies. Then on either day... the day of blissful union or the day of awful battle... we will be prepared.

saphadin: You are wise. I was wrong to doubt you.

saladin: Always keep one hand tensed and ready while the other is relaxed and friendly.

saphadin: The knight, Sir Ian of Jaffa, who brought a plea for the release of Sir William...

saladin: Sir William I cannot release. Not yet. But write that he is well cared for. As for the other, Sir Ian, he begged that I allow him to go searching for his lady Barbara. The brave deserve their favours. Go, my brother... write your letter.

(He hands richard's letter to saphadin.)

This sincerity deserves our honest dealings...

(saphadin exits.)

...but caution ...yes, caution demands... insists my armies are prepared and ready.

9. Interior a Room in Haroun's House.

(From outside comes the sound of an occasional shout and burst of laughter and banging on doors.)

barbara: They're getting nearer. Where's your hiding place?

(safiya gets up, takes barbara's hand and leads her behind a pillar to a concealed door. She opens the door and inside is a little room, with a blanket and a small stool. safiya suddenly runs back across the room and snatches up the knife from the table. She runs back and hands barbara the knife.)

safiya: In case we have to defend ourselves.

(barbara stares at her. Another shout echoes outside, nearer this time. safiya pulls barbara into the hiding place. She tugs on a rope and the door closes in on them. There is a sound of running feet and then a hammering on the door. The door bursts open and the guard who was talking to el-akir earlier stands looking into the room, his sword at the ready.)

10. Interior the Hiding Place.

(safiya grips barbara's hand tightly. The only light comes from a crack where the door, built by haroun, does not quite meet the wall.)

11. Interior a Room in Haroun's House.

(The guard pokes about in the room, using his sword to set aside curtains and pierce cushions. Another guard comes into the room and stands looking at the first guard.)

first guard: Nothing here. Look out there.

(They both start to move, but then the first guard sees the two bowls on the table. He lifts one of the bowls and crams the food into his mouth.)

Anything?

(The second guard shakes his head.)

Wait!

(He lays his sword on the table and puts his hands around one of the bowls.)

Still warm.

(He looks around the room.)

No window, no other door. Look on the roof.

(The second guard nods and goes out. The first guard stands looking around the room.)

12. Interior the Hiding Place.

(safiya whispers to barbara.)

safiya: They'll find us. Oh, poor father. Poor father...

(barbara huddles safiya nearer to her, struck with the young girl's thoughts of someone else at a time of personal danger. As barbara moves her hand to press safiya more closely to her, she realises she is holding the dagger near to safiya's head. She stares in horror at the dagger as she remembers haroun's orders.)

13. Interior a Room in Haroun's House.

(The second guard returns, brushing dust from his clothes and hands.)

FIRST guard: Nothing? Then someone is here... somewhere. Search every corner... no, wait, I have a better plan. Bring torches. We'll smoke them out... or watch a burning funeral.

(The second guard grins and goes out.)

14. Interior the Hiding Place.

barbara: Cover yourself with the blanket. Huddle in the corner.
safiya: Why?
barbara: Don't argue. Do it. And... take this...

(She wraps safiya up in the blanket as well as she can to make it look like a bundle of blankets thrown loosely in a corner. barbara presses the knife into safiya's hand. Then she pulls on the rope and the door swings open.)

15. Interior a Room in Haroun's House.

(The second guard can be heard climbing the stairs outside. The first guard has his back to the secret door as barabara emerges. She closes the door just as the second guard re-enters. He sees her immediately and his exclamation makes the first guard wheel around.)

second guard: Ah! Look!
first guard: Where did you come from?
barbara: I was hiding here. In the shadows.

(She advances into the room, standing near where she was before. Her own food bowl is now near her feet.)

first guard: Who hid you in this place?
barbara: No one. Oh, what does it matter? You've found me and that's what you wanted, isn't it?
first guard: And when I take you and you're on your knees before my master...
(He seizes her wrist.)
...your defiant voice will change to screams for pity. Or for death.

16. Interior the Hiding Place.

(Inside the small room, safiya listens as barbara is led out.)

17. Exterior Somewhere Between Jaffa and Ramlah.

(ian is lying asleep under a tree. A Turkish bandit creeps up and is about to take ian's sword, when ian wakes up. They fight, but as ian gets the upper hand, he is hit on the head from behind and falls to the ground unconscious.)

18. Interior a Room in King Richard's Palace.

(the doctor enters with vicki, her hand resting lightly on his arm. It is a most regal entrance. vicki is now dressed beautifully and both walk with dignity and grace. The earl of leicester turns away. joanna watches this entrance and acknowledges their bows.)

joanna: Sweet child, you look so innocent, I have nothing but love for you.

vicki: You've been so kind to me.

the doctor: We're both most grateful for your interest.

joanna: You shall stay by my side and be my close companion. Your name is not Victor now?

vicki: No. It's really Vicki.

joanna: I do not know it. Is it a Venetian name? It does not matter. The eye should have contentment where it rests, do you not agree my Lord of Leicester? Is she not beautiful?

leicester: Indeed, madam. A Rose of England in this foreign land.

(He nods coldly to the doctor and moves away, but remains in earshot. joanna leans forward slightly to the doctor.)

joanna: Do you have news for me?

the doctor: No, your Highness, I'm afraid not.

joanna: But you were with my brother. Did he tell you nothing of his plans?

the doctor: He said he wishes to speak to you himself.

joanna: I thought I had your friendship.

the doctor: You have, your Highness, but the King spoke to me in confidence, I mustn't steal his thunder.

(joanna looks coldly at the doctor and moves away, nearer to leicester. the doctor speaks softly to vicki.)

Yes, I was afraid of this.

vicki: Can't you tell her?

the doctor: That she's to be married? No, my dear.

vicki: Can't you hint a bit or something? She's furious. We can't afford to make an enemy.

the doctor: I can't upset the King, either. Oh, this intrigue. I knew it. Nothing but trouble. And here's the King!

(richard enters. joanna is still near the earl of leicester and her face betrays the knowledge she has just learned.)

joanna: I would speak with my brother.
richard: Oh?
(joanna, *like a virago, sweeps across to richard.*)
joanna: What's this I hear? I can't believe it's true. Marriage with that heathenish man? That infidel?
richard: I'll give the reasons for it. It is expedient...
joanna: This unconsulted partner has no wish to marry! I am no sack of flour to be given in exchange.
richard: The decision has been made.
joanna: Not by me and never would be!
richard: Joanna, please consider this. The war is full of weary, wounded men. This marriage wants a little thought by you, that's all and then you'll see the right of it.
joanna: And how would you have me go to Saphadin, eh? Bathed in oriental perfume, I suppose, suppliant, tender and affectionate. Soft-eyed and trembling, eager with a thousand words of compliment and love. I like a different way to meet the man I am to wed.
richard: If it's a meeting you want...
joanna: I do not want! I will not have it!

(joanna *storms out of the room, closely followed by richard.*)

19. Interior a Robing Room in Richard's Palace.

(joanna *strides in, followed by richard. As the others also try to enter the room, richard turns on them in fury.*)

richard: Get out! Get out! I urge you to accept, Joanna.
joanna: No!
richard: Joanna, let me entreat you...
joanna: No.
richard: Very well. I am the King. We command you.
joanna: You cannot command this of me.
richard: Cannot!
joanna: No. There is a higher authority than yours to which I answer.
richard: I am the King. Where is there any man who has more power over his subjects?
joanna: In Rome. His Eminence, the Pope will not allow my marriage to that infidel.

(She storms out.)

richard: Joanna!

(richard strides after her.)

20. Interior Another Room in Richard's Palace.

richard: You defy me with the Pope!

joanna: No! You defy the world with your politics. The world we know, at least! The reason you and all your armies are here is the reason on my side. You are here to fight these dogs. Defeat them. Marry me to them and you make a pact with the Devil. Force me to it and I'll turn the world we know into your enemy.

(richard raises his hand to strike joanna. She does not flinch. He hesitates and she storms out.)

richard: This ill-timed news! I should have brought it to her slowly. Who gave away my plan?

(He suddenly glares at the doctor, who is alarmed at the way the situation is developing. the doctor looks at the earl of leicester, who is grinning in triumph.)

the doctor: Your Majesty, you must believe that I...

richard: You are not welcome in our sight!

21. Interior a Corridor in El Akir's Palace (Day).

(el akir sits in a chair. The two guards bring barbara in. el akir's eyes light up as he recognises barbara, who stands there half defiant, half afraid. el akir gives a cruel smile.)

el akir: The only pleasure left for you will be death. And death is very far away.

Next Episode:
THE WARLORDS

EPISODE FOUR

THE WARLORDS

1. Interior a Corridor in El Akir's Palace (Day).

(el akir sits in a chair. The two guards bring barbara in. el akir's eyes light up as he recognises barbara, who stands there half defiant, half afraid. el akir gives a cruel smile.)

el akir: The only pleasure left for you will be death. And death is very far away.

(el akir picks out a leather purse of gold from his belt and weighs it in his hand.)

Such a prize as you is worth rewarding these men for your recapture. Would you not agree?

(He pours gold from the bag into the palm of his hand.)

I have spent time and trouble on you... now you cost me gold as well.

barbara: I'm not afraid of you.

el akir: No? Yet, you run away... is that not fear?

barbara: Fear has nothing to do with contempt. Or disgust.

(el akir, who has been counting out the coins, stops at this and his eyes snap coldly up into barbara's.)

el akir: You are not here to like or dislike me. Such liberties are over for you. Look at these coins, mere pieces of metal.

(barbara looks around her, pretending to be bored with the whole proceedings.)

No interest? You should have. These coins are going to change your laughter into tears, your joy to misery.

(barbara suddenly knocks el akir's hand and the coins scatter all over the place. The two guards dive to pick them up. barbara pushes el akir and, as he crashes backwards, she runs back along the corridor.)

After her. Leave that, you fools!

(One of the guards goes to help el akir up. He pushes the guard away, who turns and sees the second guard trying to stuff gold in his belt pouch.)

first guard: That gold is mine!

(el akir struggles to his feet.)

el akir: You dogs! Do you hear me... alert the palace.

(The two guards look at el akir in fear and then start up the corridor.)

2. Interior the Seraglio.

(The barred gates burst open as the two guards enter the room. Inside, there are a group of women wearing yashmaks and various exotic costumes, who are terrified at this intrusion. maimuna, alone and unafraid, stands in front of the group. The two guards approach.)

maimuna: What do you want here? Are you both drunk? Or mad?

(el akir appears at the doors and strides into the room.)

el akir: I'll have your hands and feet for this!

(He grips both the guards by their collars, whirls them round and pushes them out of the door.)

No man steps in this room but me. Find her, or your deaths will be slow.

(el akir looks at maimuna. He crosses to her and pulls her yashmak down.)

A prisoner has escaped.

maimuna: No one has stepped in here, my lord. No man would dare... except your guards just now.

el akir: The prisoner is a woman. I want her found.

maimuna: We have seen no one.

el akir: A ruby ring if one of you should see her and report it to me.

(He strides out. The doors close and the group of women separate, revealing barbara, crouched down on her knees, hidden by them all. maimuna goes over and helps her up.)

maimuna: Hafsa, run to the doors and let your ears warn us.

(One of the girls, hafsa, runs to the doors as bidden.)

We will hide you here. We all hate him.

barbara: Thank you.

maimuna: You will be safe. No one here will betray you.

(fatima, another of the girls, has other ideas.)

3. Exterior a Stretch of Sand.

(The sun blazes down without mercy. ian, now shirtless, is spread-eagled out on the sand. His hands and feet are tied to small stakes driven into the ground. Beside ian's head is ibrahim, a revolting looking Arab, wearing

ragged clothes and grinning with broken teeth. Beside the Arab is a small pot with a stick in it.)

ibrahim: You would like water?

(ian replies in a parched whisper.)

ian: Take me to Lydda. I'll give you money there.

ibrahim: I will fetch the money. Tell me where it is.

ian: I'm not telling you a thing, until you get these ropes off me.

ibrahim: It is a predicament. You are a rich lord, I can tell from the things you wear. But you will not share your wealth with poor Ibrahim...

ian: I'm not rich. I've told you a hundred times, take me to Lydda... I'll see you get a reward.

(ibrahim shakes his head.)

ibrahim: I am cursed with the affliction of disbelief. But I have another scheme.

(He picks up the pot.)

A little pot of honey. Made from pounded dates and very sweet. There, my lord. A little on your wrist... and on your chest...

(As he is talking, he daubs ian with the honey.)

Now over there is a hungry home, full of ants that go wild for date honey. We shall be generous to them. Lay a little trail across the sand, like this...

(ibrahim spoons out the honey and dribbles it from ian's wrist to a mound of sand.)

And I will sit in the shadow of the tree and dream of all the treasure you will give me when the ants discover you. If you crane your neck around, my lord, you will see what you take to be a black line along the honey. Why, you will be able to see it getting closer and closer. Oh, such ecstasy!

(ian moves his head and stares along the slender trail of honey.)

4. Interior a Room in Richard's Palace.

(The earl of leicester is seated on a chair, vicki stands in front of him. richard stands apart, his back to them.)

vicki: It isn't true... you know it isn't.

leicester: But what is true is that you came here in disguise. You were first a boy and now you are a girl.

vicki: He was just trying to protect me.

leicester: Protect you! From my lord, the King?

vicki: Where is the Princess? She knew all about it.
(the doctor *enters*, without noticing that richard is in the room. He marches over to leicester.)

the doctor: What is the meaning of this?

vicki: He had me brought here.

leicester: I wished to question her.

the doctor: I see. Although you call yourself a soldier, you bully young girls, do you?
(He puts his arm around vicki's shoulders.)
We're not the guilty ones here.
(leicester looks uneasily at richard's back.)
Don't look away from me when I'm talking to you. You, sir.

leicester: I have the right to civility from you. What are you, knave or commoner? Or are you perhaps a traitor?

vicki: It's you! You told the Princess.

leicester: I'll have no more of this!

richard: No more will I.
(He turns and approaches.)

the doctor: Your Majesty, I didn't see you there.

richard: Good Leicester, this question time has reached its full conclusion. Go to your men. Find out their quarrels and complaints. Mend them with the best words you command.

leicester: They understand a fight, my lord.

richard: Then warn them one approaches.
(leicester is delighted at this news.)

leicester: Sir, I will. I'll turn them from a rabble into victors once again. I'll set up a noise of sharpening and polishing, 'til the ground trembles with the sound of axe and sword against the whetstone and the sun will find a glittering dome in every visor.

richard: Yes, do it.
(leicester bows and exits.)
I know that it was not you who told my sister. It is no good, Joanna's right. I can't fight Rome as well. In any other land I could force my purpose and command the end. But not with Saphadin and Joanna. Once again we fight.

the doctor: May I ask you something, Sire?

(richard waves a hand in assent.)

If you knew that the Earl of Leicester gave away your marriage plans to your sister, why didn't you accuse him of it... have it out with him?

vicki: Yes, you let it go by without saying a word. It wasn't fair.

(She halts as she realises who she is talking to.)

Oh, I'm sorry, your Majesty.

richard: Do not apologise. I accept the soft impeachment. I am unjust to you, to serve the greater good. You see, my Lord of Leicester is a hardy fighter... and a fight is near us now. When I face the Saracen again I shall need him at my elbow. But do not be disheartened. You have my favour.

the doctor: But I have made an enemy of him.

richard: Yes, I fear so. You'd best be gone from here until the enmity's forgotten.

the doctor: I think I agree, Sire.

vicki: Must we? I don't want to go.

(richard smiles.)

richard: Good. We do not wish to see you leave. But you must. Go to Acre. Rest there. Wait until I call upon your wisdom and your counsel.

the doctor: We'll go at once.

richard: Meanwhile, I wrestle with the problem of this war.

the doctor: The only thing that's important is, even if you beat Saladin in battle, can you hold the country?

richard: Win the battle, lose the war. The greatest fear I have. I've come so far. I must see Jerusalem. I must.

the doctor: You will, Sire.

richard: You think so?

the doctor: I'm certain of it. And when you look upon the city, you'll know the answer to the problem of this war. Do we have your leave to withdraw?

(richard nods, his mind elsewhere. the doctor and vicki walk away. As soon as they are out of earshot, vicki whispers to the doctor.)

vicki: Are we going back to the ship?

the doctor: Yes, as fast as our legs will carry us.

vicki: Will he see Jerusalem then?

the doctor: Only from afar. But he'll never capture it. Even now his army marches out on a campaign they can never win.

vicki: But that's terrible. Can't we tell him?

the doctor:

No, child. History must run its course.

(the doctor and vicki exit. richard remains on his throne, looking thoughtful and pessimistic.)

richard:

Help me, Holy Sepulchre.

5. Exterior a Stretch of Sand.

(ian is pegged out on the ground as before.)

ibrahim:

You see, my master. The line of black gets nearer. Date honey is a great delicacy to our little friends. I shall return to the shade and leave you to your little friends. You have only to call.

(He grins and moves away. ian, his face bathed in sweat, pulls desperately on the cords binding his wrists, without effect. Finally, exhausted, he is forced to stop. The black line of ants on the honey gets ever nearer.)

6. Interior the Seraglio.

(maimuna has her face buried in her hands, weeping. barbara has an arm around her shoulders.)

barbara:

Don't be upset, please.

maimuna:

My tears are tears of joy. All this time I believed my father and my sister to be dead. El Akir swore they were.

barbara:

He's got a lot to answer for.

maimuna:

Now I know why he told me they were dead. By keeping me here, El Akir brought shame to my family and, at first, I tried to kill myself to spare my father's honour. But, when I believed him dead, I did not even have the will to die.

barbara:

Listen, Maimuna, your father loves you very much. All he thinks about is getting you away from here.

maimuna:

Is that really true?

barbara:

He told me so.

maimuna:

I thought... he must despise me.

barbara:

He hates El Akir. He wants to kill him and take you home.

maimuna:

There is no escape from this place.

(She sees the look on barbara's face.)

But we will hide you here. El Akir is a stupid animal... he will not think to

search for you here.

(barbara smiles gratefully. fatima watches nearby, waiting for her chance.)

7. Interior a Room in Richard's Palace.

(The earl of leicester is talking to a soldier.)

leicester: And you observed them leaving the palace?

soldier: Aye, just now my lord.

leicester: Take men and follow them discreetly. The old man tried to poison the King's mind. He may be in the pay of the infidel Saladin. He may be worse. Some devil in human form, the girl a witch.

soldier: A witch, my lord?

(The soldier looks afraid.)

leicester: Take courage, man. No art withstands a well-placed sword.

8. Exterior a Stretch of Sand.

(ibrahim, holding a long dagger, has returned to ian's side.)

ibrahim: You see, my lord. They know when death is approaching. Already the advanced guard of the little army have reached their objective.

(The black line is almost up to ian's hand. ian whispers hoarsely to ibrahim.)

ian: All right... I'll tell you...

ibrahim: First.

ian: There is gold... in my boot...

ibrahim: Where... speak up!

ian: My... boot...

(ian appears to faint. ibrahim looks down at ian's tied feet. He moves down and slices the rope around the right foot. He pulls ian's boot off and plunges his hand inside. He turns the boot upside down and bangs it on the floor. He throws it aside and goes back to ian's head.)

ibrahim: Liar... there's nothing there!

ian: What... the other... the other foot...

(ibrahim hurries back and slices through the cord holding ian's left foot, precisely as ian intended. ian raises his right foot and pushes ibrahim hard in the back. The Arab falls headlong, losing his grip on the dagger. Now

able to use the strength of his whole body, not just his hands, ian strains at the pegs holding his hands. The pegs come away just as ibrahim rushes at ian. They fall to the ground and roll over in the sand. ibrahim tries to reach for his dagger. ian throws him off, gets to his feet and grabs the Arab around the neck, twisting his arm behind his back.)

How far is Lydda?

ibrahim: Not far... walking distance. I live there myself... I'll take you... show you... do not kill me, lord... walking distance...

ian: Walking! What have you done with my horse?

ibrahim: My brother took it, lord. A miserable thief...

9. Interior the Seraglio.

maimuna: Anything?

hafsa: No, they must be in another part of the palace.

(hafsa comes over from the gates.)

maimuna: Have a rest, Hafsa. Let one of the others listen.

(hafsa nods and goes over to the group of women.)

barbara: The corridor outside here... where does that lead?

maimuna: A balcony. It overlooks the garden.

barbara: How far up from the ground?

maimuna: There is a tree.

barbara: You could reach it from the balcony?

maimuna: But there are guards below.

(barbara nods thoughtfully. fatima goes over to take hafsa's place at the doors.)

barbara: How far are the entrance gates from the tree?

maimuna: Not far. But there is no escape that way. The guards watch it constantly. I will show you the window.

(Unnoticed, fatima slips through the gates.)

10. Exterior the Gates to El Akir's Palace.

(The gates are open slightly and a guard stands outside, covering the opening. There is a movement in a clump of bushes near the guard and haroun peers through. He draws his knife.)

11. Interior a Corridor in El Akir's Palace.

(el akir is walking about impatiently. The second guard stands nervously in front of him.)

el akir: She cannot get out! Go and look again!

(fatima walks down the corridor towards them. el akir sees her approach.)

You! Who gave permission...

fatima: My lord...

el akir: What is this insolence...

fatima: You said a ruby ring, my lord...

(He stares at her.)

el akir: Where is she?

12. Exterior the Gates to El Akir's Palace.

(ian is bending over the dead body of a guard. ibrahim is at ian's side.)

ian: He's dead.

(ian strips off the guard's cloak and ties it round his own neck. Then he picks up the guard's sword.)

ibrahim: Why do you steal his sword?

ian: I'm going inside. El Akir has a friend of mine. I'm going to find her.

ibrahim: El Akir will kill you. He is a very bad man.

(ian looks hard at ibrahim.)

ian: He's not the only one. But why do you say he's bad?

ibrahim: He has made the rich people so poor there is no one left to steal from. If you rid the world of him, you will be remembered as a saviour, my lord. I shall not betray you.

ian: In that case, can you do something for me?

ibrahim: Anything, lord.

ian: It might be a bit difficult for you. Do you think you could go and steal some horses for me?

ibrahim: Now we are truly brothers. While you keep El Akir occupied, I'll steal the horses from his stables.

(He moves off with a huge grin on his face. ian moves to the doors and peers through.)

13. Interior the Seraglio.

maimuna: Fatima has betrayed us. You must get away. You will die if you stay here.

(barbara moves to the gates. As she reaches them, they crash open and el akir steps through. He glares at maimuna, who slowly moves backwards.)

el akir: You hid her from me!

barbara: Leave her alone.

el akir: I'll show you how I deal with those who do not obey me.

(He raises his sword at maimuna, who stands there helpless. Behind him, haroun appears in the doorway, his knife in hand. He draws it back to strike. el akir's face suddenly goes blank and the sword slips from his hand. He falls to his knees and forwards, to reveal the knife sticking in his back. haroun runs in and bends over el akir.)

maimuna: Oh, Father... Father...

(She rushes to him.)

I believed you dead... there is a joy in my heart at seeing you.

haroun: You sister awaits you.

barbara: Is she all right? I left her...

haroun: She told me of your sacrifice. I came to give my life for you, my lady...

barbara: You got in. Can't we go out the same way?

(fatima enters and sees the body. She takes in the situation and at once sees her own danger.)

fatima: My lord is dead!

(She runs to the doors to warn the guards. ian appears and clamps a hand over her mouth. He drags her back into the room. The other women take fatima away.)

barbara: Ian!

(ian is just about to move across to her when he hears the sound of running feet outside. He draws to one side of the door. The doors open and the second guard runs in. He runs past, waving his sword at haroun. The first guard now enters. ian pulls him round by the shoulder and knocks him out. The second guard reaches haroun and raises his sword to strike. haroun throws himself at the guard and ian rushes over to help haroun overpower him. haroun and ian tie him up.)

haroun: Make haste... we will be discovered.

(They rush out. ian ushers barbara out of the door. fatima breaks away and tries to follow. The gates close and she backs against them. The group of

women slowly closes in on her. She holds out the ruby ring to them, fearfully. hafsah knocks it out of fatima's hand and the women surround her.)

14. Exterior the Gates to El Akir's Palace.

(ian pours some gold coins into ibrahim's hand.)

ibrahim: You see? I was right, my lord. You did have gold.
ian: I acquired it.
ibrahim: Just as I acquired the horses. Then you are truly my brother.
ian: Thanks for bringing the horses.

(barbara hurries past with haroun.)

barbara: Ian, come on. We must get back to the ship!
haroun: Yes. Go now. I will lead Maimuna to safety.
barbara: Goodbye Maimuna. Goodbye Haroun.
ian: Thanks for all you've done.

(They leave.)

haroun: Ride hard, my friends. May Allah watch over you.
ibrahim: Such talent. He has such an honest face. He and I could have made a fortune.
haroun: Don't stand here dreaming. The soldiers will be all around us, you half-witted fool.
ibrahim: This half-wit has stolen all their horses.
haroun: They can still use their legs, can't they?

The smile on ibrahim's face disappears.)

15. Exterior a Clearing in the Forest Outside Jaffa (Night).

(A soldier of King Richard's army stands alertly by some bushes. Another soldier stands in the shadows. A few feet away, the doctor peers through some bushes at the soldiers, then sinks back beside vicki and whispers to her.)

the doctor: They're between us and the ship.
vicki: Are they the ones who followed us?
the doctor: Yes, my dear. I'm afraid they are. I wonder what they're up to.
vicki: Can we go round?
the doctor: Too many of them. I wonder if we could bluff our way through.

(He stands up and peers through the bushes again.)

No, we can't do that.

vicki: Why? What's happening?

the doctor: Now I understand why we were followed.

(The earl of leicester comes into view.)

leicester: Your messenger arrived. So they are traitors... and making towards Saladin's encampment.

soldier: So it seemed to me, my lord.

leicester: Armed, as they are, with secrets, they are dangerous enemies. Do you have the wood encircled?

soldier: Yes, they cannot escape.

leicester: The shadows are the only friends they have. We'll find them in the dawn.

the doctor: It's that meddling fool, Leicester. We'll have to try and slip through. Now, not a sound, my dear.

(the doctor creeps into view, vicki close behind him. Carefully, the doctor approaches a thinning in the bushes where it is possible to push through. He signals to vicki and parts the bushes for her.)

In you go, my dear.

(vicki slips through the bushes, out of sight. the doctor is just about to follow when there is a shout. He stops, afraid to give vicki away too. A soldier runs over and grabs the doctor, dragging him back into the centre of the clearing by his arm.)

soldier: Over here, my lord!

16. Exterior Outside the TARDIS.

(barbara puts her arm around vicki's shoulders and puts a finger to her lips to signal silence. vicki whispers urgently to her.)

vicki: They've caught him... they've...

barbara: We'll get him away. Ian and I have been waiting here for ages.

vicki: But what can we do, Barbara?

17. Exterior a Clearing in the Forest Outside Jaffa.

(the doctor is pinioned from behind as leicester walks into shot.)

leicester: I thought you'd show yourself.

the doctor: What do you want with me? The King gave me leave to go.

leicester: To Saladin?

ian (*oov*): You're right, my lord.

(ian enters the clearing.)

He is well paid by Saladin to learn our secrets and betray us. He is a Saracen spy.

leicester: The truth, at last. But I do not know you, sir.

ian: My lord, I am Sir Ian, Knight of Jaffa. On learning the news of this villain's treachery... and knowing you were searching for him here, I followed you.

leicester: To watch his execution?

ian: No, my lord. To administer it.

leicester: It is a paltry matter to be rid of him, but I would do it.

ian: This is not a little thing to me, my lord. Some friends of mine were ambushed in this place... de Tornebu, de Marun. He is to blame. Let me finish with him, my lord.

leicester: Yours is the greater claim. Despatch him then, and quickly.

the doctor: Pardon me gentlemen, but if I am to die so punctiliously, may I be granted a last wish?

leicester: Granted.

the doctor: I would like to see the City of Jaffa once again. Then do with me what you will.

leicester: Granted.

18. Exterior Outside the TARDIS.

(the doctor runs across to the TARDIS, where barbara and vicki are waiting, gets out his key and fumbles at the door. ian runs up.)

ian: Quick as you can, Doctor!

the doctor: What about that performance, eh?

(He opens the door.)

19. Exterior a Clearing in the Forest Outside Jaffa.

man-at-arms: Did you hear another voice, my lord?

leicester: Another voice?

man-at-arms: Yes, a woman...

leicester: Have we been tricked?

(He turns and crashes through the bushes, followed by the soldiers. They are transfixed in amazement. The strange blue box before them slowly disappears before their eyes. The soldiers fall to their knees and make the sign of the cross.)

Witchcraft! We will not speak of this. Let this story die here in the wood or we'll be branded idiots... or liars. Poor Sir Ian. Brave fellow. Spirited away by fiends. What dreadful anguish and despair he must be suffering now.

20. Interior the Tardis Control Room.

(ian, seated in a chair, is laughing furiously.)

the doctor: Yes, well there's one thing you deserve, my boy. A good knight's sleep.

ian: Why, more cracks like that one and I'll carry out that execution! Well, I'm going to change.

(He starts to move away.)

the doctor: Yes, yes, a good idea, Chesterton. The Tardis will materialise when it's ready.

(barbara and vicki are standing on each side of the doctor.)

barbara: And when it likes...

(the doctor turns, ready to argue.)

the doctor: Young woman, how many more times...

(Suddenly the brilliant lighting inside the TARDIS fails. The room falls silent, but the column continues to rise and fall. the doctor frantically manipulates controls, but the darkness around them remains. Only the control column itself is illuminated and the light from it reflects on their faces.)

Next Episode:

THE SPACE MUSEUM